SEPTEMBER 25¢

Coronet

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THE THREE LIVES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

Don Winslow

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How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

HERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with $250 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, by chance, in 1930. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to a show. While she dressed, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of $250 a month starting at 55 or 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it*, I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way out to the theatre.

The years slid by fast. Times changed . . . depression came . . . and war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1945 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired*. We sold the house and drove west. We're living a new kind of life out here—with $250 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

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PLAN FOR MEN **PLAN FOR WOMEN**

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Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

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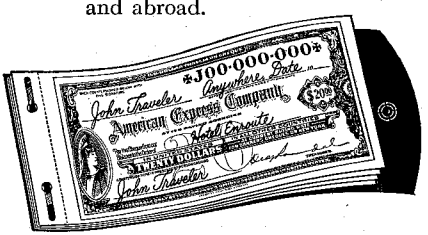

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Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

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Sunsets on the Lake of the Ozarks glow with beauty and serenity.

A ferry skipper starts his journey.

Heart of America

THE OZARKS—that sprawling region in the heart of America which includes parts of Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma—stretch out a genial hand of welcome to every traveler seeking a simple, shirt-sleeve vacation. The people of the Ozarks are warmly hospitable; many excel in nearly-forgotten arts and handicrafts. Rich in American legends and history, this playland relaxes with square dances, frontier picnics, rodeos, pie suppers, fox hunting, swimming and boating. A land of dense forests, deep caves and sunny beaches, its dominant philosophy seems to be, "If you're too busy to go fishin', you're too busy."

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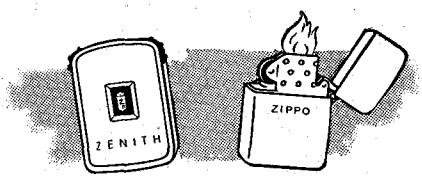

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MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

SABRINA

Audrey Hepburn in Wall Street: poised.

SPRITE-LIKE Audrey Hepburn stars for Paramount in this movie version of the Broadway hit play, *Sabrina Fair*. The fairy-tale comedy of life in the upper social strata takes her from Long Island to Paris to Wall Street, and she responds with a remarkably agile performance. Sabrina is the chauffeur's daughter who returns from a two-years' stay in Paris—where she learns to crack an egg expertly in cooking school—to find herself torn between the two scions of her father's employer, a happy-go-lucky playboy (William Holden) and a settled financial wizard (Humphrey Bogart). She has loved the carefree one since girlhood, but the businessman upsets her remembrance of things past.

As the chauffeur's daughter: confused.

Thinking about her future: unhopeful.

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The ***Bell Solar Battery*** *is made of thin strips of silicon, an ingredient of common sand. It needs no fuel other than sunlight and should theoretically last indefinitely.*

New Bell Solar Battery Converts Sun's Rays Into Electricity

Scientists have long reached for the secret of the sun. For they have known that it sends us nearly as much energy daily as is contained in all known reserves of coal, oil and uranium.

If this energy could be put to use there would be enough to turn every wheel and light every lamp that mankind would ever need.

Now the dream of the ages is closer to realization. For out of the Bell Telephone Laboratories has come the ***Bell Solar Battery***—a device to convert energy from the sun directly and efficiently into usable amounts of electricity.

Though much development remains to be done, this new battery gives a glimpse of future progress in many fields. Its use with transistors (also invented at Bell Laboratories) offers far-reaching opportunities for improvements in telephone service.

A small ***Bell Solar Battery*** can send voices over telephone wires and operate low-power radio transmitters. Made to cover a square yard, it can light an ordinary reading lamp. Great benefits for all mankind will come from this harnessing of the limitless power of the sun . . . **Bell Telephone System.**

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RECORDS

Great Symphonies

MANY GREAT SYMPHONIES are available in different distinguished interpretations. Arturo Toscanini has recorded all of Beethoven's nine symphonies for RCA Victor, and Bruno Walter has done the same for Columbia. Wilhelm Furtwängler's *Eroica* reveals another concept of this work (RCA LHMV-1044), while Paul van Kempen's Symphony No. 7 is different in its own right (Epic LC 3026). Toscanini has also recorded all of the Brahms symphonies for the RCA Victor label.

From the beginnings of the symphony as a distinct art form date Johann Christian Bach's melodious Sinfonias in E flat Major and D Major (Columbia ML 4869). Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G Minor and Haydn's No. 94 in G, the *Surprise* Symphony, both representative of the composers' work, are available in a new Toscanini interpretation (RCA Victor LM 1789). More traditional is the recording of the Symphony No. 40 by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Prohaska (Vanguard VRS 445, with Schubert's Symphony No. 8). Mendelssohn's Symphonies No. 3 in A Minor (*Scotch*) and No. 5 (the *Reformation*) as played by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York under Mitropoulos accentuate the romantic elements without the loss of clarity (Columbia ML 4864). One of Schumann's happiest works, his Symphony No. 2 in C Major, performed by the Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell, beautifully conveys the variety of its thematic moods (Columbia ML 4817). Hector Berlioz's musically overwhelming *Symphonie Fantastique* becomes a stirring portrayal of men's passions and despairs in Hermann Scherchen's interpretation (Westminster WL 5268). Equally tremendous in scope is Franz Liszt's *Dante Symphony*, of which the Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra provides an impressive rendition (SPA-44).

César Franck's only symphony, in D Minor, with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under Golschmann, is presented by Capitol (P-8221). Tchaikovsky's neglected but interesting *Little Russian* Symphony, No. 2 in C Minor with Sir Thomas Beecham, is newly issued by Columbia (ML 4872).

Dvorak's idyllic Symphony No. 4 in G Major is performed by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra (Remington R-199-168) and his Fifth Symphony, *From the New World*, reveals new facets under Toscanini's baton (RCA Victor 1778). The Fourth Symphony in E flat Major, the *Romantic*, by Anton Bruckner, the pious Austrian organist, is presented in a searching performance by Willen van Otterloo conducting the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra (Epic Sc 6001); the much more complex Symphony No. 1 in D Major (*Titan*) by Gustav Mahler is offered by Capitol with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg (P-8224).

Sibelius's most popular symphony, No. 5 in E flat Major, is played brilliantly by the Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan (Angel 35002, with the Tone Poem *Finlandia*); Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony*, a modern's recreation of Mozartian melody is given a splendid rendition on Angel 35008. —FRED BERGER

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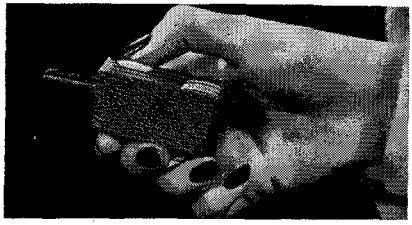
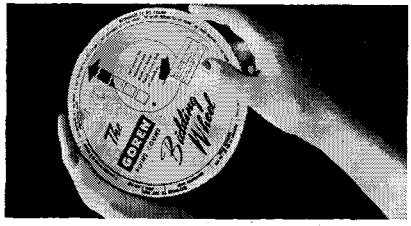
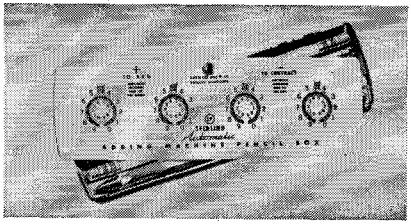


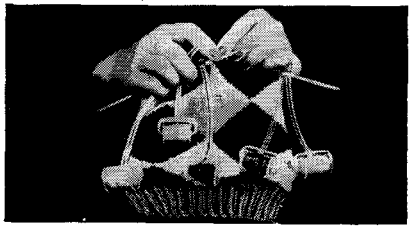
PUSH THE KNOB—key comes out. Pull—key goes back in. Key-Pact holds four keys. $1, Clayter Corp., Rm 609, 10 W. 33 St. N. Y. 1, N.Y. De-Luxe model, $1.39, has welded car emblem.



DO FRIENDS whisper behind your back about your bridge bidding, or do they complain out loud? Either way, send for Goren Bidding Wheel, 50¢. Bid-Masters, Box 6522, Atlanta, Ga.



THIS AUTOMATIC adding and subtracting machine opens up to become a pencil box. Stocked with 4 pencils and a ball point pen. $1.49, Burgess House, 428 S. Sixth St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.



NOW IS THE TIME for all good women to start knitting Christmas gifts. Yarn-Apart keeps different colors separate, tangle-free. $1.95 for 10. Yarn-Apart Co., 44 Cottage St., Manchester, Conn.

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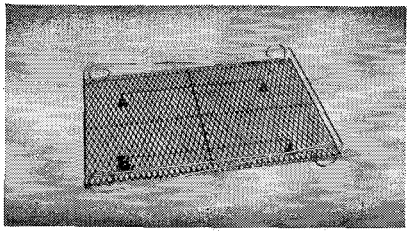

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(*Continued on page 12*)

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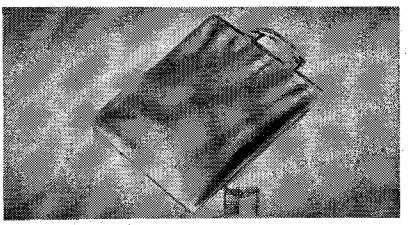
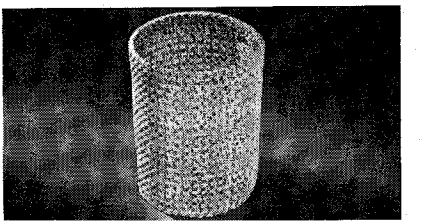
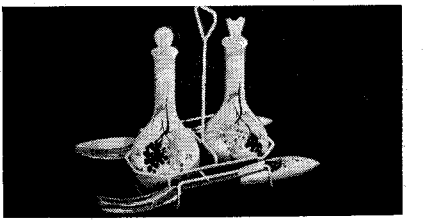


THAT STURDY, giant shopping bag folds up to fit into 2″-square pouch. Perfect for lady or gent who shops after work. $1, from Regal Sales Co., P.O. Box 8238, Dept. C, Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

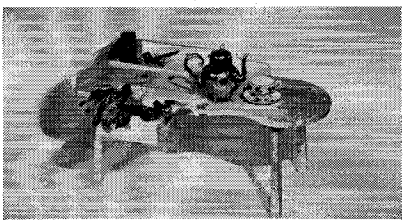


THIS TWEEDY woven fibre basket goes with any color scheme. 16″ tall, serves as waste basket, plant or umbrella stand. $5.45, RMS Interiors, Dept. C9, 11146 S. Michigan, Chicago 28, Ill.

CHIPPER TWIST-TRAY was made to give you crushed ice whenever you want it, with one twist. Its 60 tiny partitions are at your service for $1. Mastercraft, 212C Summer Street, Boston 10, Mass.



SALAD SERVICE CADDY makes a handsome gift. Made to fit with any fine china, it comes with spoon and fork in apple, grape, or ivy design. $11.95. The Mail Pouch, South Pasadena, Cal.



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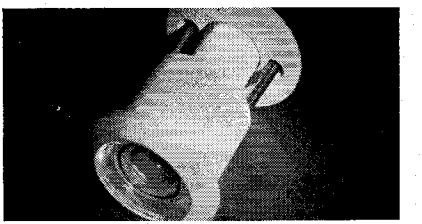

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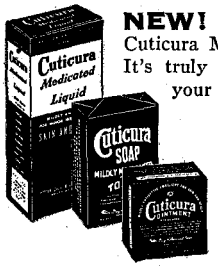

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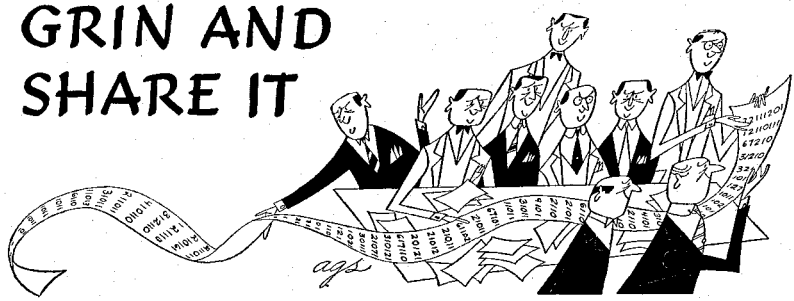
GRIN AND SHARE IT



A STORY TREASURED by Washington newspaper correspondents concerns a press conference called to explain the annual budget. In the exceedingly complicated exposition offered by the Treasury experts, there developed a discrepancy of about fifteen billion dollars between two tables.

Investigation revealed that some fourteen billion dollars of the discrepancy could be accounted for by the fact that two different comparisons had been employed. This failed to satisfy one inquisitive reporter who demanded, "But what about the other billion dollars?"

"My goodness!" retorted one of the budget experts in injured tones. "What do you want us to do—explain it down to the last penny?"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

WHEN CHRISTIANE MARTEL, the French beauty who won the title of "Miss Universe," was married in California, she kept her wedding veil over her face as she turned away from the altar following the ceremony.

"Up, please!" called the cameraman, gesturing at the new bride to lift her veil. Christiane looked puzzled a moment, then did what any former beauty queen would do—lifted her bridal gown to her knees.

—DICK FRIENDLICH (*San Francisco Chronicle*)

THE PRESIDENT of a Southern bank was berating his porter for coming to work later and later each day.

"Don't you want to amount to something?" he asked. "Don't you know that you'll never get anywhere unless you get up early in the morning."

"Well, I don't know," replied the porter. "I've noticed that them that gets up early goes to them that gets up late to get paid." —*Pipe Dreams*

A BUSLINE in a California city has three-minute service, so few drivers hold up their schedules for late arrivals. One young operator, however, invariably waits while passengers from a cross-line bus dash across the street.

An old commuter finally commented, "Thoughtful of you, son, but why do you bother when another bus will be along in a few minutes?"

"It's just that I like to watch the girls come running," grinned the young driver. —M. SIMMS in *Your Life*

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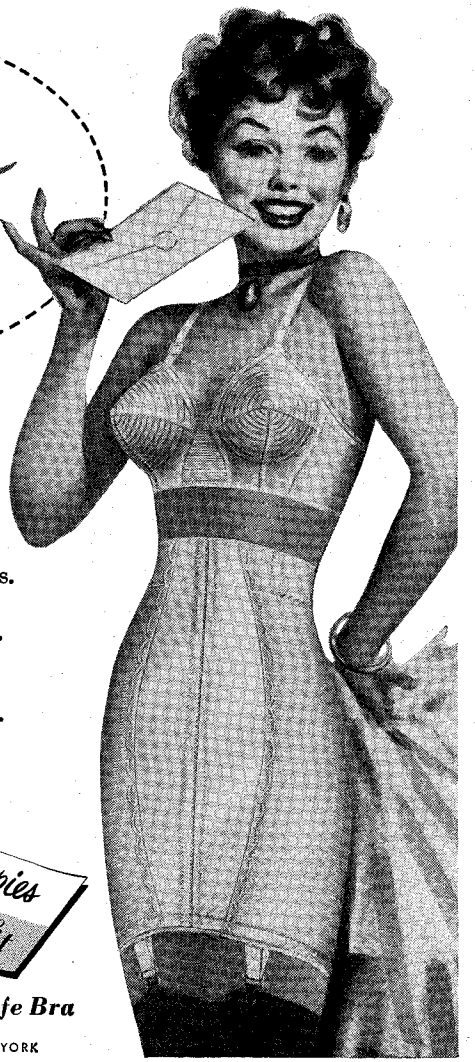

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WHEN MARK TWAIN was on a lecture tour in Nebraska, a young reporter was sent to interview him. Waking the writer from sleep, he apologized for the intrusion by explaining that the interview meant an awful lot to him.

"Well, what do you want to know?" asked Twain.

"Who do you consider the most interesting man you ever met?" said the reporter.

"Aaron Burr," was the immediate answer.

"Where did you meet him?" asked the youth eagerly.

"At his funeral," answered Twain soberly.

The reporter slowly began to come to as he did some rapid figuring. "But Mr. Clemens," he said, "Aaron Burr died in 1836. You were only born the year before."

Twain's sleepy eyes brightened. "You've achieved distinction, young man," he said. "It's the first time to my knowledge that the *Press* has discovered an error before publishing it."

—*The Amazing Bob Davis*, by FRED S. MATHIAS; Copyright, 1944, by Longmans, Green & Co.

ON ONE OF GROUCHO MARX'S television programs there appeared a 102-year-old man. When asked why he was so cheerful, the oldster said: "Every morning when I get out of bed I have two choices: to be happy or to be unhappy. I always choose to be happy."

—*Sunshine Magazine*

A SMALL WIND-UP TOY in the shape of a clown caught a lady's attention at the grocery store. So, with a young neighbor named Dickie in mind, she plunked it in the cart with her groceries. When she gave it to Dickie, he asked what it was. She explained, half apologetically, "It's supposed to be a clown."

Dickie looked it over quite carefully and then asked rather bluntly, "Well, why isn't it then?"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

A VISITOR to a growing Western community was intrigued by the newly installed traffic lights which carried the legends: "Stoppe" and "Goe."

When he asked a native to explain the odd spelling, he was told, "Oh, that's the work of the Mayor's wife. She's the owner of Ye Olde Antique Shoppe."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

A SENSE OF ORDER is as much a part of the female nature as an urge for bargains. Our neighborhood grocer took advantage of these two drives with good results. He had been trying to sell a new all-in-one-can dinner product, but customers had passed it by for a more familiar product. Then he carefully disarranged a display of the cans, making some of them appear as if they had fallen over. As the women shoppers passed, they automatically reached out to set the cans aright. Doing so, they looked at the merchandise—and bought!

—HELEN HOUSTON BOILEAU (*Rotarian*)

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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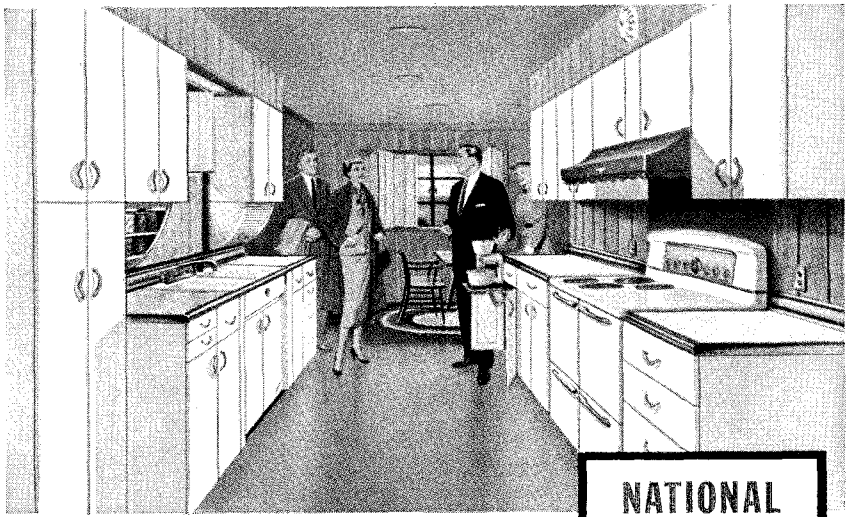

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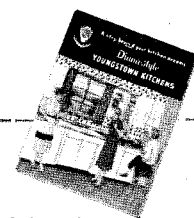

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Colonel
EIGHTEENTH YEAR SEPTEMBER 1954

ARE YOU TO BLAME?

by PIERCE HARRIS

AMERICA OCCUPIES the same relative position among the nations today that the proud Empire of Rome occupied among the nations of her day.

America is the richest—Rome was. America holds the balance of power in military might—Rome did. America is the market of all the earth—Rome was.

Behind her solid walls, her coffers overflowing with silver and gold, with an army unexcelled, Rome said, "We are impregnable." These are almost the words we are using today, here in America.

But today, the might and majesty of the Roman Empire are gone, her citizens are scattered, her walls fallen. Let us take a look at our own times and see if we find a parallel situation.

You can hardly call it history, so recent are the happenings. They might better be classified as current events. But within a span of three decades, we see the same people making the same mistakes. It is this apparent unwillingness to learn—our blind disregard with which we put our feet into the path of repeated error—that makes the possibility of history repeating itself such a frightening thing.

Let us go back to the period immediately following World War I. Perhaps you remember the dark days before our fresh troops hurled themselves into the conflict, turned the tide of victory to the Allies, then turned their faces homeward, leaving behind them more than 50,000 dead comrades.

We prayed. We attended church in overflowing numbers. We brought many thousands of our war-made dollars and laid them eagerly on the altars of our faith. Then, with the war won, or so we mistakenly thought, we were sure the world had righted itself and that everything was going to move along on an even keel.

Here we made our great mistake. We concluded we didn't have anything—that is, any individual thing—to do with making and keeping the world fit to live in.

During that period, we wrote into the history of our nation one of the

From *Spiritual Revolution*, by Pierce Harris. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copyright, 1952, by Pierce Harris.

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most fantastic chapters ever written into the annals of any civilized people. Having absolved ourselves of any individual responsibility for civic, social, community, political or even religious improvement, we went away to get rich.

You may remember those hectic days. Bricklayers wearing $15 silk shirts to work. Farm hands with two cars (lacking a garage) standing out under the trees. And to climax it all, the great land boom in Florida.

THEN ONE DAY the stock market crashed. Billions in paper profits went down the drain. Many speculators jumped out of windows and otherwise demonstrated the folly of getting money in order to have the things money will buy—if, in the getting, you lose the things money cannot buy.

We are now, after World War II and Korea, showing signs of forgetting that lesson. Again, money flows, and again we set aside any sense of individual responsibility with the smiling suggestion, "Let George do it," especially if George has a lot more money.

Citizenship is not so cheaply bought: the foundation of a country is not so easily laid. It is an individual job—a job in which every citizen must have an active and worthy part or else suffer the condemnation of being a parasite in the pattern of life.

Much of our misery today can be laid at the door of our blind unwillingness to profit by the mistakes of the past. We do not learn easily. It seems each new generation must make its own mistakes, stubbornly disregard the evils of generations that are gone, and stumble down the same road over which others have gone to certain doom.

During World War II, there was a great tide of idealistic sentiment having to do with a "bright, beautiful new world." We heard it on the radio. We read it in columns. And those of us who speak from platforms used the term frequently and loosely, "a bright, beautiful new world," until we got to believing it ourselves. We even wrote about it to the soldiers hiding in foxholes and wading through jungles, to still others who later went to their deaths in crashing planes and sinking ships. Then—what happened?

The last shot had hardly died away before we forgot our golden dreams, our idealistic intentions, and the reams we had written about a "bright, beautiful new world." And when those boys got home, instead of finding a bright, beautiful new world, millions of them could not even find a roof to cover their heads.

The truth is, we have been a selfish people: we have not sacrificed—that is, the most of us. We have utterly refused to read the proverbial handwriting on the wall, put there by history's cold and impartial hand. The proof of our stupidity is in the speed with which we abandoned that idea of a beautiful new world and went back to our old pagan philosophy, "Gimme mine—gimme mine."

We follow with blind disregard the same evil pattern that led into the terrible Twenties, on into the most devastating depression of history, and from there, into a noxious morass of moral and spiritual bank-

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ruptcy, from which we have not escaped, even to this day.

We have not yet learned to love the things we love with anything like the enthusiasm with which we hate the things we hate. It is terribly expensive—finally fatal—but we seem unable to learn.

During World War II, we spent almost $100,000,000,000 a year; but no later than last year, with fifty million of the world's people starving, when someone suggested we spend a billion—just one billion—to save lives, many thought he was crazy. A billion dollars for bullets? Yes. A billion dollars for bread? No.

It even invades our home life. And here is a tragic reason for the breaking up of so many American homes. If we hate somebody, we don't let the sun go down before we let it be known. On the other hand, if we love, we tell them a few times and expect them to remember.

In times of war, we American people have proved beyond doubt we love our country. Our young men have written their names in letters of unfading splendor upon the pages of their country's history. The supreme test, however, of a country's capacity to live—not only its capacity, but its worthiness to live—is not in times of war, but in times of peace.

The test of a nation is the capacity of its citizens to love the country and to translate their love in terms of such civic devotion that love will be worked out into practical plans for the country's well-being, and thus become a solid foundation upon which the country can stand, even in times of storm.

The old saying is, "Familiarity breeds contempt"; but certainly, our familiarity with the American way of life has developed within us a strange and disturbing sense of complacency. For some reason, some of us who were born in America and even some of us who are first-generation American, cannot—or do not—feel the same devotion for our country which is felt and expressed by people who come to it for the first time.

Some time back, my wife and I, returning from London on a plane, noticed an old English lady in the seat across from us. You had only to look at her clothes—clean, but worn and patched—to know she was familiar with the austere way of life. Things that we regard as necessary and commonplace had come, in her pattern of life, to be luxuries, often entirely beyond her reach.

She was alone. She was coming to America to live with her son. Sitting back of the old lady was an English clergyman, and they were engaged in conversation. The old lady was very anxious to see America for the first time. We crossed the ocean during the night. After a stop at Gander, we set out on the last leg of our trip to New York.

For several hours, we were flying high and could not see anything except luminous clouds and patches of sunshine. But after a while we began to come down

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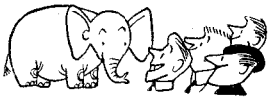
to the 5,000-foot level. Below us were green hills and here and there little white houses, like doll houses, and little cars that looked like bugs running along the ground. We could see men working in the fields.

The English clergyman touched the old woman on the shoulder and, as he pointed through the window, I could hear him say, "That is America."

The old lady pushed her steel-rimmed glasses a little closer to her faded blue eyes, pressed her wrinkled face against the glass and, without blinking, looked down upon America. I could see she was greatly moved. She gazed for a minute or two and then tears began to run down her face, and splashed on her wrinkled hands. She reached into the pocket of her dress and took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes, and then, her emotion still unabated, she spread the handkerchief in her hand and dropped her poor old face into it. Her body shook with sobs.

I said to my wife, "If all American citizens could see what we have seen, if all American citizens could feel the surging impulses of gratitude in the heart of this old Englishwoman, as she looks down on America, they would be better Americans and would have a deeper feeling of gratitude for the wonderful country which is theirs and which they seem to be in the process of throwing away."

When we finally set foot on American soil and walked out on to the ramp at LaGuardia Field, I did not kneel down and kiss the earth; but I must admit that upon the surface of my heart was a tide of tears I had some difficulty in holding back. Every person I met I felt tempted to take by the hand and greet as a fellow American and rejoice with him that we live in a land where the privileges and possibilities of life are so much greater than the privileges and possibilities of any other way of life on earth, that we would be guilty of the basest sort of ingratitude if we did not defend them and protect them forever.



International Outlook

SOME STUDENTS at an international school in Switzerland were asked to write an essay on the elephant.

The Englishman turned in an essay illustrated with photographs and titled "Elephants I Have Shot."

The Frenchman wrote a clear and sprightly dissertation "The Love Life of the Elephant."

The German took nearly a year to finish his effort. Bound in three volumes, illustrated with diagrams, heavy with research and bristling with footnotes, it was called "A Preliminary Approach to a Study of the Elephant: Its Nature, History, Development and Future."

The American wrote a piece, which he promptly sold to a magazine at home, entitled, "How to Make Modern Furniture Out of Elephant Tusks and Hides." —*From Crackers In Bed* by VIC FREDERICKS. Published by Frederick Fell, Inc.

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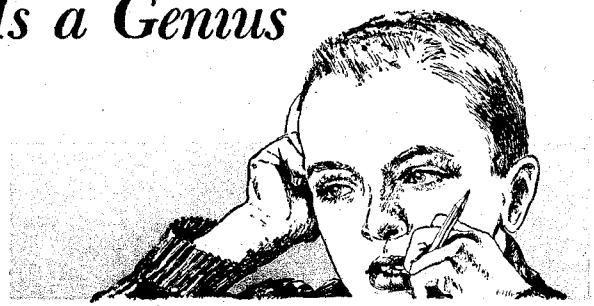
My Son Is a Genius



by RAYMOND J. VAN DALE, SR.
as told to PAUL G. MARTASIAN

In recent months, there have been many news stories about an amazing Rhode Island boy who bears the marks of true genius. Here, for the first time, the father of Brian Van Dale discusses the unique problems faced by parents who must help a brilliant child adjust to the world around him.—The Editors

I WONDER if Albert Einstein had a rag doll to ward off loneliness when he studied as a child. And when Thomas Edison was a schoolboy, did he play baseball and football only to prove he was like any other boy? I hope they did, because I would be happier about my nine-year-old son, Brian. You see, he is a genius, too.

Sometimes parents are a little slow in grasping the reasons for a child's unusual behavior. There were many things about Brian that my wife and I misunderstood at first. Brian was slow, and we worried. Then, suddenly, he started learning things so fast that we had to dig up our old high-school books to keep up with him.

It all started one night when Brian was little more than three years old. My wife, Rita, and I were sitting in the living room, reading the newspaper, while Brian and his brother Vanny, who is two years older, were sprawled on the floor in front of us.

Brian was absorbed in a stray section of the paper and I noticed his little fingers moving slowly over the lines of type. His serious mien amused me.

"Look, Rita," I said, "Brian's imitating us."

Brian's blond head turned indignantly. "No, I'm not, Daddy. I can really read now."

And he proceeded to read aloud a news story half a column long. He was a little slow, but he read each word clearly as Rita and I listened astonished. We had never done anything to help him, so you can imagine how we felt.

That was only the beginning. As

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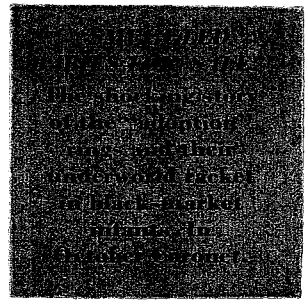
the months went by, we couldn't understand Brian's ability to learn things so fast. By the time he was four he could read almost anything, and at five he had piled up a tremendous knowledge of biology, mathematics and physics. He learned the alphabets of foreign languages from dictionaries; and when he had absorbed as much information as he could from the books available around the house, he taught himself shorthand.



Finally we realized that Brian's mind was shooting off in too many directions, so we took all the books away from him—all except his latest favorite on the elements of biology. He bawled as though I had taken away a toy.

"But, Daddy," he protested, "shorthand is the best way to write because it's fastest."

Fastest—that seems to describe Brian. He never learned to walk like most babies; he ran from the first day he got his sea legs. He was like a jackrabbit, bounding around the house as though life depended on speed. He knocked over lamps, skidded on carpets and crashed through windows. But somehow he never was hurt.

It's difficult to describe Brian in a few words. He's not a rugged and athletic kid, his body is slender; he has gentle, deep blue eyes and fair skin. He ignores other boys his age, but he never turns down a challenge, and sometimes he comes home with a bloodied face.

But he isn't interested in doing rough and tumble things; he does them so easily. He'd rather wander alone in the woods, or sit quietly in his room with his Teddy bear and read it stories from his biology book.

Although we had some idea of Brian's complex nature, it wasn't brought home to us until the first day he attended public school. That marked the beginning of our understanding of our son.

I drove our boys to school and saw Vanny leading his reluctant small brother by the hand up the stairs and into the building. Then I went on to my real-estate office.

Later that morning Rita phoned me, in tears. It had been impossible to control Brian in school. He had refused to stay in his first-grade room with the other six-year-olds. Instead, he bolted across the hall into Vanny's classroom, squeezed into his brother's seat with him and refused to budge.

When Rita arrived she found the school in an uproar, the kids laughing, the teachers exasperated. Brian grabbed his mother, crying, "I don't like what they teach in there!"

The school authorities told us Brian needed special attention, so we took him to a private school. There the headmaster was amazed to see Brian solve difficult mathematical problems without lifting his eyes from the pages of a book he was reading—one he had picked up from the man's desk.

"We don't have facilities for such a boy here," the headmaster said with finality.

What now? It was all very well

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to know that we had an exceptionally bright child, but I was beginning to suspect that other people thought there was something wrong with our son. Now that I know how rare a person like Brian is, I guess I don't blame them. But—what are you supposed to do when no one wants your son?

THEN WE HEARD that a school for gifted children had been opened by Stephen K. Hamilton in Chartley, Massachusetts. We took Brian to him. The school is about 20 miles from our home in Rhode Island, but I felt that if Hamilton could help Brian, it would be worth everything I owned.

The two of them—big Hamilton and our little bundle of energy—hit it off wonderfully from the start, except for one hitch: Brian wasn't quite ready for the confinement of a school desk. On the first day, while class was in session, he wandered off through the building, browsing in books, opening doors, poking his head inside dark closets. Then, when there was nothing left to investigate, he sauntered back into the room.

Hamilton was giving an algebra test. He paused briefly. "If you have finished your tour, Brian," he said, "you'll find that there is one desk left. It is yours when you're ready to sit."

Brian wasn't ready—yet. If he had to use that desk, he wanted to know all about it. He got down on the floor, slid on his back under it like a mechanic under a car, inspected every nut and bolt, and then, on his feet again, ran his hand over the wood, top and sides.

The other children roared with laughter, but Brian went about his task quietly, and when he was sure he knew the desk thoroughly, he sat down.

After Hamilton gave Brian a series of intelligence tests, he suggested that we take him to Dr. Clemens E. Benda, a child psychiatrist in Boston, who teaches at Harvard Medical School.

When Hamilton had Dr. Benda's report, he called Rita and me to school. "This confirms my tests," he said, "and it should reassure you that Brian is in good health." Then he told us that our son has an IQ of 185. This both pleased and frightened us.

"But isn't it dangerous, being that high?" I asked. "Genius is about 160, isn't it?"

Hamilton smiled patiently. "Albert Einstein's is probably a little higher. Goethe, Voltaire and others ran about as high as Brian's. Edison had a photographic memory, just like Brian. These men gave great things to the world, and there's no reason why Brian shouldn't."

Our son's mental development was progressing at such a terrific rate, Hamilton went on, that if it continued, Brian would be ready to enter college by the time he was ten. He added, however, that he thought Brian should be held back until he was 12 and better equipped emotionally for college work. Brian, he said, was "definitely a genius."

Today Brian is in the eleventh grade, with boys twice his age. It took his schoolmates—whose IQ's range from well above average to very superior—some time to become accustomed to him, and they still do not understand him.

Hamilton has had trouble getting

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Brian to improve his writing, for he absorbs information so quickly that when he writes an examination paper, he likes to print exactly as it is in his books.

Given a problem—a really difficult problem—he finds the answer in a way fascinating to watch. Once, on Hamilton's invitation, I stood in the rear of the classroom to hear my son recite.

When Brian's turn came, Hamilton said, "This is one in physics, Brian. We know that the average pressure of a gasoline engine cylinder is 70 pounds per square inch. If the piston is four inches in diameter, what is the horsepower rating if the piston is driven 1,000 feet a minute?"

The eyes of the other children turned to Brian. He took the pencil from his mouth and seemed thoughtful, as though trying to do the problem in his head. Then he scribbled for a moment.

"Twenty-six and six-tenths horsepower," he said suddenly.

He was right.

"How did you arrive at that answer?" Hamilton asked.

"Well," said Brian, slowly and deliberately, "the area of the piston is 12.57 inches. By multiplying this by the average pressure of 70 pounds per square inch, we get 879.9 pounds force on the piston. Now, horsepower is a standard, theoretical unit of rate of work equal to 33,000 pounds lifted a foot per minute. If we equate 1,000 feet per minute times the 879.9 pounds over the 33,000, which is the conversion constant for horsepower, we get the answer—26.6 plus."

Dr. Benda had recommended that we try to interest Brian in sports and other group activities, because genius needs more than intelligence in society. I thought how often I had read of brilliant people hiding themselves and fading into obscurity because they felt out of place and lonely. I don't want Brian to be like that.

His brother Vanny gives us no concern, because he's a normal boy in all he does. He gets good marks in school, but he has to work for them. He loves to swim, just as I did in my high-school days.

Nature gave Brian a remarkable brain, but it also endowed him with the most marvelous reflexes and coordination. He can play baseball and football like a little pro—when he wants to.

One day I saw him pick up a stone and toss it through the cellar window of a new house. I was just about to run out and punish him when he picked up another and threw it right through the broken window, about 30 feet away.

I watched to see what he was trying to prove. He tossed 20 stones. I counted them. And all of them went through the same hole. What a pitcher my son would make!

Vanny tries to coax Brian to engage in outdoor games, too. I heard him urge Brian to leave his books and play baseball with the gang. But Brian wasn't interested. Sprawled on the floor, with his book and Teddy bear in front of him, he was busy diagramming the digestive system of a frog.

"Aw, come on," Vanny said, waving his catcher's mitt and bat invitingly as he stood at the door.

"I just don't feel like it," Brian said with finality. "It's too easy."

That, I think, sums up why Brian

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doesn't like to play games. "It's too easy for him."

Of course, people who visit us expect all sorts of fantastic things from Brian. When they try to stump him with questions, Brian usually answers, "I don't know," even when he does. He hates to be made out an oddity, and has built up an attitude toward most grownups which led one friend to remark, "He makes me feel as though he doesn't even see me."

If visitors bring their children, Brian will disappear somewhere in our basement recreation room, going so far as to hide under the refreshment bar. He will stay there, with his Teddy bear and book, until the kids go home.

But away from staring eyes, Brian is all boy. He has the appetite of a healthy, growing youngster and likes meat, potatoes and plenty of milk. He particularly enjoys shrimp, oysters and spinach, preferences arising from the fact that he likes "the taste of iron" on his teeth.

He gets along well with his brother, Vanny. Now and then, when they're both doing homework, Vanny will pause to watch, fascinated, as Brian reads a page of biology, shuts the book and recites it word for word. If Vanny is unhappily envious of his brilliant little brother, it isn't evident to us.

The two romp about the house, teasing each other as any two brothers do. Sometimes, however, Brian will surprise us. As, for example, the night Vanny chased him from kitchen to living room and back to kitchen again, both screaming delightedly at the top of their voices.

Suddenly Brian tired of the game. He stopped in the kitchen doorway, waited for Vanny to catch up, cocked his fist and punched him squarely on the nose.

"That'll be enough of that," Brian shouted angrily, trying to sound like me, shaking a finger in the face of his astonished brother sitting on the floor.

When bedtime comes, we have the same difficulty getting Brian off to sleep that most parents experience with active youngsters. Eight thirty is his hour, and we go through a nightly routine, Brian cajoling his mother to stay up a few minutes longer, and she resolved that he won't.

When he finds it's a losing battle, he yields with good grace. And once in bed, he falls asleep quickly. Apparently he's so relaxed that he hardly ever dreams.

BRIAN DIFFERS from other youngsters, I note, in his stick-to-itiveness. If he must make a series of anatomy diagrams or list the chemical components of certain plants, he tackles the problem right after he gets home from school. He'll want to take his book to the dinner table and study while he eats. This we forbid.

He used to try to take his books to bed with him, pleading that he only wanted to have them under his pillow so he would be sure where they were. Rita allowed it—once.

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She thought he was asleep because the black crack beneath the door meant the light was out.

But at midnight, when she went in to make sure the boys were covered, she found Brian's bed empty. A telltale sliver of light shone under the closet door. She pulled it open. There sat Brian, cross-legged on the floor, reading by the light of the dim bulb hanging from the ceiling.

At night, when our little family is alone, Brian is just another boy who kids with his mother and shines up to me to bring home some of his favorite candy the next day. When his study period begins, he will sit next to his mother and read his chapters and then explain things to her, like how mosquitoes are born or how a crawfish lives.

Watching, I forget the things that have worried us—how and what to do with Brian, and how to help chart his life. We know we have something very precious in this gifted child, and we want to do the right thing in helping him grow up well-adjusted to the world and to people about him. We want him to know his measure of happiness.

Now, we feel, we are on the right track in helping Brian. The books he reads could have been adventure or sports stories or comic books, but if they are about deeper, more complex things, I hope that some day they will make Brian a better man for the world.

But for the moment, while he is still a little boy, there is something that all this frightening intelligence and knowledge cannot take away. That is the love that shines through his eyes when he looks into his mother's face.

That Old Wild West

BACK IN THE OLD Wild West days a traveler in an Arizona town came down to the desk of the hotel one morning and said to the clerk: "I hear that someone shot up the Palace Bar last night."

"Yeah," drawled the clerk. "I reckon somebody did."

"What were his reasons?" asked the traveler.

"Reasons?" bellowed the clerk. "Is this here town gettin' so blamed civilized that a fellow's got to have reasons for every little thing he does?"

—DAN BENNETT

NO CHARACTER was more symbolic of the Colorado bonanza period than H. A. W. Tabor. The greatest monument to himself and this flamboyant era was the Tabor Grand Opera House which Tabor built in Denver. As part of the decorations in the lobby, the manager had appropriately hung a portrait of Shakespeare. When Tabor saw it, he demanded, "Who's that?"

"That's Shakespeare," answered the manager.

"Who's he?"

"Why, the greatest writer of plays who ever lived."

"Well, what the hell has he ever done for Colorado?" Tabor wanted to know. "Take it down and put my picture up there!"

—RALPH HANCOCK & LETITIA FAIRBANKS, *Douglas Fairbanks: The Fourth Musketeer*, (Henry Holt & Co.)

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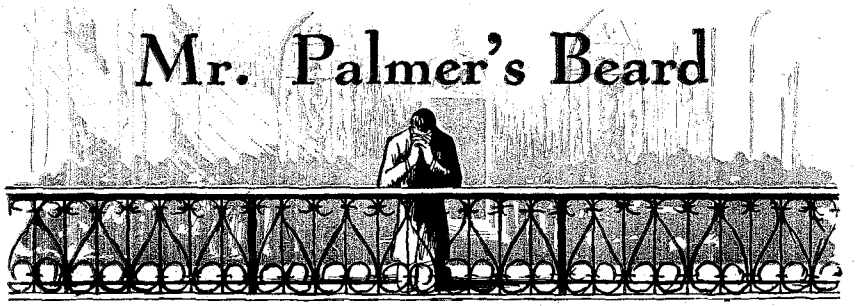
Mr. Palmer's Beard



by DON MCNEILL

IT WAS A communion Sunday in 1830, and in the small church in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, Joseph Palmer bowed as the clergyman came toward him with the communion bread and wine. He was thunderstruck as he saw the prelate purposely pass by.

In anger he strode to the communion table and emptied the cup in one swig. In a trembling voice he shouted: "I love my Jesus as well, and better, than any of you!"

This incident in Fitchburg touched off a series of events which was to make Palmer the most reviled American in New England. His crime was that, in an age of clean-shaven faces, he insisted on wearing a flowing, majestic beard.

A few days after the church episode, Palmer was seized by a group of citizens who planned to shave him. He fought savagely. Promptly he was clapped in jail, charged with "unprovoked assault."

From jail he smuggled letters to his son, who mailed them to the *Worcester Spy*, where they were published and copied by other newspapers. Soon everyone was talking about Joe Palmer's beard. And with reason: not since 1720 had whiskers been worn by any American leader. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Ethan Allen and all the Declaration signers—every one had been clean-shaven. But Palmer had to be different.

But now that he was in jail, people angrily demanded of the Worcester sheriff: Did not a free American have the constitutional right to choose what he wore on his face? Jailers and magistrates became more and more harassed and it was decided to free Palmer—but he refused to leave the jail. In desperation, he was lifted in a chair and carried into the street.

Joe and his beard were heroes now. Then, with the advent of the Civil War, American manhood sprouted beards as never before.

After the war ended, Palmer watched the beard rise in popularity to the point where a man was uncivilized not to wear hair of some sort on his face.

In 1875, Joe died happy in the knowledge that his beard had presaged a "new look" on the face of male Americans. On his gravestone in Leominster, Massachusetts, he ordered this last boast inscribed:

JOSEPH PALMER
PERSECUTED
FOR WEARING THE BEARD

Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC Radio-TV, Monday through Friday.

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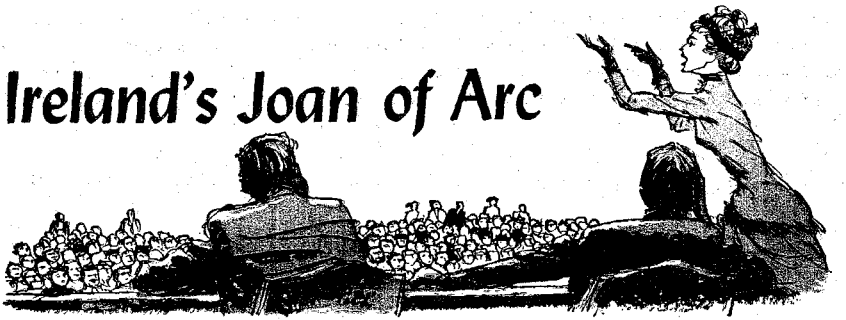
Ireland's Joan of Arc



by HERTHE STRIKER

Not even a poet's love could turn Maude Gonne from the fight for freedom

ON A SPRING DAY 66 years ago, a hansom stopped at 3 Blenheim Road, Dublin, and an incredibly beautiful woman firmly announced that she wished to speak to William Butler Yeats. The great Irish poet was then a struggling, unknown artist of 23, and not many people were particularly anxious to see him.

A tall, thin, dreamy young man with high ideals and little money, he had just had his first book published. When this lovely young woman, of obvious class and means, told him she had cried over some passages of his book, he was overwhelmed.

They talked the afternoon away, and then the young lady asked him to dine with her. Before the evening was over, Yeats had fallen hopelessly in love.

Had he refused to speak to the woman who made such an unconventional entrance into his life, Yeats might have been a much happier man.

Maude Gonne was 21 years old when she met Yeats, and it is no wonder that he found her irresistible. Her beauty was then at its peak. Remarkably tall for a woman, over six feet, with a storybook figure, a majestic bearing, a delicate face and chestnut hair that fell below her knees when she undid it, she was considered the loveliest woman in Ireland.

Born in London and educated in Paris, Maude had already had many years of adventure behind her. Her mother died before she was five, her aristocratic Irish father a few years later, leaving her a small fortune. She made her debut in St. Petersburg, Russia, where she caused a sensation. Then she traveled all over the Continent with a governess.

One night, in the Colosseum at Rome, a young Italian proposed to her. She would have preferred the proposal to have come from an American artist who was painting her portrait at the time. But the moon was shining, and the Colosseum seemed such a wonderful place to become engaged in that Maude accepted. This put an unceremonious end to her continental tour, for she was whisked back to Ireland.

The reception she got in her native land left little room in her mind

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for the Italian. Her beauty and her talents were soon the talk of every fashionable salon and drawing room in Dublin.

She was by this time a gifted linguist, an expert horsewoman, a dynamic amateur actress, a brilliant conversationalist and a remarkably good painter. But she grew tired of being told at dinner tables that she was "a daughter of the gods, divinely fair," and she wanted to escape the guardianship of her prudish uncle. So she ran away and joined a troupe of actors.

As a much-acclaimed leading lady, Maude Gonne lived a carefree life and did not give much thought to politics. She accepted the fact that her countrymen were not too well off.

During Queen Victoria's reign, a million people died of famine in Ireland, four million emigrated, and three and a half million were evicted from small houses which they or their forefathers had built. English absentee-landlords were destroying homesteads because sheep-raising was more profitable.

BUT A WEALTHY YOUNG socialite like Maude had no need to concern herself with the problems of the poor. One night, however, on her way home from a ball, she saw a peasant woman, with small children clinging to her skirt, being flung out on the street by a brutal landlord. This so stirred Maude that it changed the whole course of her life and set its purpose: to free Ireland from the British Empire.

At first it was not easy to find a way to help her country. She tried to join the many organizations fighting for Ireland's rights: the National League, the Fenians, the Celtic Literary Society, the Contemporary Club. But they all refused her membership because she was a woman.

"Fashionable young ladies like you," men told her, "are not made to stop bullets. Better go home and marry a nice young man!"

But her desire to help was so strong that she found a way—building huts to shelter the people who were evicted. Her little project worked out so well, and she showed such devotion and determination in her work, that her countrymen soon saw that in Maude Gonne they had a woman to be reckoned with.

One evening she had a call from electioneer Tim Harrington: "You said you wanted to work for Ireland. I have work for you. There's to be a by-election in Lancashire. It is such a Conservative stronghold that the Liberal Party has refused to fight. The Irish will fight it on the evictions and Home Rule issues."

"But how can I help?" Maude asked. "I'm no good as a speaker."

"You'll be good at canvassing," Harrington assured her, "and that's far more essential in winning elections than public speeches."

When she arrived in Lancashire, Maude Gonne was bustled off to a meeting already in progress. She did not want to sit on the platform, but was told that a good-looking young woman up there would help the Irish cause.

As soon as she was seated, the elderly chairman asked if she would speak next. "I am not a speaker," Maude smiled. "I have only come to help canvass."

The chairman went to the loudspeaker and announced, "Miss

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Gonne, a young Irish lady, will now address you." (Later, someone told her that he was stone-deaf.)

Maude Gonne was horror-stricken. Harrington gave her a push from behind and she stood up.

"Ladies and gentlemen—" she began. A couple of thousand English people were looking at her expectantly, and she was terrified.

"Evictions!" came a whisper from behind.

That did it.

She started to speak of the terrible scenes she had witnessed, and then she couldn't stop. She told the wide-eyed audience of an old couple driven out of the house they had built 50 years before, when they were married; of the peasant woman from Donegal carried out of her hut on a mattress with her day-old baby, and left on the roadside to starve. She talked on and on, forgetting where she was.

Then, suddenly, she remembered the audience, her mind went blank and she stopped in the middle of a sentence. Thinking she had made a fool of herself, Maude sat down and cried.

Next morning all the papers were full of her speech. The reporters had interpreted her sudden tears as evidence of the sincerity of her emotions. Rarely, they wrote, had an English audience been so thrilled.

From that day on, there were demands on all sides for the "young Irish lady" to speak at meetings. She made five speeches a day, and her party won the election.

Public speeches became Maude Gonne's most powerful weapon. She spoke in London for the release of Irish political prisoners and in Paris to win sympathy for the Separatist movement. During this time she contracted tuberculosis, and doctors told her that unless she took a complete rest she would die within a few months. But rest was impossible, for that incalculable force, her will, drove her on and on.

In 1897, failure of the potato crop in western Ireland took its toll in thousands of lives. By truck, by cart and on foot, Maude Gonne went to tiny Irish villages to help people obtain food.

BY THIS TIME, a legend had grown about her. It seemed that when she entered the gates of a famine-struck town, there was suddenly shelter for the evicted and amnesty for the prisoners and food for the starving. Irish-speaking women who could not understand a word she said, flocked about her and kissed her hand. Boys and old men looked upon her adoringly as the symbol of Irish independence.

All this time she was too busy to think of herself, or of the man who loved her. Willie Yeats was meanwhile writing beautiful poetry about her—poetry which will immortalize

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her name long after her selfless devotion to Ireland is forgotten:

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep . . . .

Maude refused to marry Yeats because she felt that his feelings for Ireland were not as ardent as hers. In his own way, however, Yeats was just as much of a patriot. But he was first of all a poet. It was not in his nature to be a fierce revolutionary, for he was born to think and to dream. He proposed to Maude again and again, but when she finally did marry, it was to a man of action—as active, in fact, as she.

She fell in love with a swashbuckling revolutionary named John MacBride. A red-headed Irishman with a waxed mustache, Major MacBride founded the Irish Brigade to help fight Britain in the Boer War. In 1900, he returned to Ireland a hero, and this was when he met Maude Gonne.

Everyone who knew the two was opposed to their marriage. Yeats felt that the Major was a "drunken, vainglorious lout." MacBride's family told him that while Maude Gonne was a great woman, she was not the wife for him.

But the two revolutionaries were in Paris and very much in love. MacBride was 35, she was 36, and they decided that if they were to marry at all, they had better do it quickly. For their honeymoon they went to Spain, where they both worked ardently, building up new friendships for Ireland.

Only two years later—as soon as their son, Sean, was born—they separated. When World War I broke out, Maude Gonne, now Mrs. MacBride, joined the French Army as a lieutenant nurse; and while she was in Paris a spectacular event took place in Ireland.

On Easter Sunday, 1916, two thousand Irishmen staged a violent riot in Dublin, jubilantly hauled up the Irish green-white-and-orange tricolor over the General Post Office, and proclaimed the Republic of Ireland. The uprising was squelched within a week, the Irish flag torn down, and 15 of the rebels executed—among them MacBride.

Willie Yeats was grief-stricken over the outcome of the rebellion, but he could not help feeling a thrill of hope when he heard that MacBride was dead. Packing his bags, he took the next boat to Paris.

THE MAUDE GONNE who met him there was not the gay young colleen he had fallen in love with almost 30 years before. She was now 49, and the feverish pace she had set for herself showed on her face. But her eyes were still shining with purpose and determination.

Yeats, as much in love with her as ever, gave her a first-hand account of the rebellion and told her how bravely her husband had faced his death. Then, for the last time, he asked her to marry him. Again, Maude Gonne refused.

Yeats went back to Ireland with a broken heart, and later married Georgie Leeds, a medium who held daily séances.

Maude Gonne kept on fighting. In 1921, her great dream came true when the Irish Free State was es-

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tablished. She became its first representative in Paris.

She never ceased trying to make her country better, her people happier. When, at 70, she felt that President De Valera was not treating the Irish Republicans well, Maude Gonne got up on a cart and said so.

In 1948, she had the great happiness of seeing her son, Sean MacBride, score a surprising victory and become Foreign Minister.

Maude Gonne's last years were spent in her beloved Dublin where, from her sick-bed, she led The Daughters of Ireland she had founded over 50 years before. Her once tall figure shrunken with age, her shoulders stooped and her face full of wrinkles, Maude Gonne was still a political force to be reckoned with.

When she died last year, at 86, thousands followed her coffin, suitably draped in Tricolor, from the little church in Donnybrook to the Republican Plot in Glasnevin Cemetery. As the solemn procession passed through O'Connell Street, an elderly Irishman cried out jubilantly, "Hurrah for old Maude!"

Tear-faced people tried to hush him, reminding him that the occasion was not a cheerful one. But he would not keep quiet.

"Sure, 'tis not a gloomy thing," he said, "when Maude Gonne goes up to heaven. I can die in peace now, knowin' that old Maude is gone ahead of me to make sure the Irish are treated well up there."

What We Need

IN THE SCHOOLS children are still singing songs about little drops of water and tiny bits of sand. No one has told them that, today, plutonium is the thing. We're still sending these future citizens of the world off to school with pencil boxes—have we forgotten that Geiger counters are just as easy to handle? Slide rules should be the first tools given to first graders; and every schoolroom should be equipped with an inter-com system—it is best to get used to the less technical aspects of the new world while the mind is still pliant. —RAYMOND A. SWANK in Duncannon, Pa., *Record*

THE WHITE-COLLAR WORKER needs a day, a White-Collar Workers Day, when all business and trade will cease and the world will take notice of the fellow who furnishes the brains for the nation's business. Perhaps before too long, there will arise a John L. Sneedby or a William Jennings Sneedby who will sound the clarion call for organization.

Then the white-collar workers will rise as one man and demand the right to enter their places of business by the front doors. They will demand lower stools and higher pay. They will demand shorter days and longer coffee breaks.

Above all, they will see to it that White-Collar Workers Day is established as a national holiday. It must needs be a Monday so the Sneedbys of this great land may, if they wish, sneer at the alarm clock, sleep another two hours and then take the kids downtown to see the white-collar parade. —WAYNE ALLEN in Morning Sun, Iowa, *News-Herald*

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CANDID CONCLUSIONS

About Men

IT'S TOO BAD that the only men who can solve the world's problems are too busy sitting on the front porch whittling.

AN OPTIMIST IS a middle-aged man who believes that the dry cleaner has been shrinking the waistband of his trousers.

A YOUNG MAN may have more money than brains—but not for long!

MOST MEN would rather lose ten dollars on a horse race than a quarter through a hole in their pocket.

MANY MEN LEARN too late that the only way to skip rungs on the ladder of success is on the way down.

About Women

IF YOU BELIEVE that a woman hasn't a mind of her own, you've never served on a mixed jury.

A SMART WOMAN is one who knows how to play tennis and golf, the piano—and dumb.

THE BEST MEMORY expert is a woman who has once been told another woman's right age.

About Matrimony

A MAN WHO complains that he has never been master in his own house has overlooked the first year or two of his life.

IN THE OLD DAYS the biggest grab from a man's pay envelope took place after he got home.

HONEYMOONERS QUICKLY discover that every railroad train has two ends, and the diner is always at the other one.

ONE OF THE FIRST things a young wife learns these days is that about the only thing a nickel is good for is to make change for a quarter.

WHEN A HUSBAND'S ego needs a little boosting, he asks his wife to describe the fellow she turned down to marry him.

About Families

THE BROOKLYNITE who calls the children's room the "noisery" has given it the proper pronunciation.

PARENTS WHO GIVE their sons names like Algernon should also give them boxing lessons.

THERE'S PROBABLY no one in the world as skeptical as a high school boy listening to tales of the athletic prowess of his father.

—Compiled from *Wall Street Journal*

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Science's new wonder plastic is used in countless forms—from underground pipes to stratospheric balloons

Making Magic With POLYETHYLENE

by NORMAN CARLISLE

THE MISSOURI RIVER was on the rampage. Thousands of workers struggled to pile sandbag barricades against the rising waters. At Council Bluffs, Iowa, it looked as if they were losing the battle because the waters were rising above the levee.

Worried engineers first thought they had enough burlap sandbags to hold the dikes and build them higher against the anticipated crest. But after three long days of round-the-clock work by Army and resident workers, the supply of burlap bags was quickly running out.

Then somebody thought of those paper-thin sheets of plastic that had lately appeared on the market, the ones used by farmers to replace heavy canvas as protection for straw stacks and farm implements. Could they stand the impact of the flood?

A hurried call was made to the Alco Plastics Company in Council Bluffs. Could plastic bags be made that would hold 75 to 100 pounds of sand and withstand terrific water pressure? Material was on hand for several thousand bags and workers were called in to deliver them to the disaster scene.

Much to the astonishment of Army engineers in charge, the bags held well, remaining intact against water rushing at speeds of 20 miles an hour and better.

The way the filmy, seemingly fragile material withstood the fury of the waters may have amazed the embattled engineers, but it came as no surprise to its makers. For it was polyethylene, the fabulous stuff which has been put to a wider variety of uses than any of the other test-tube miracles we call plastics. Awed by its incredible versatility, industry is staking hundreds of millions of dollars on new plants to turn out this wonder material.

You have had polyethylene in your hands when you pinched a squeeze bottle, picked up a plastic bag of fresh vegetables at the store, or whipped a sheet of protecting plastic over your furniture. The chances are you have eaten from dishes made of it, hung up your clothes in bags fashioned from it given it to your children as toys.

In the form of pipes it carries

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sizzling hot liquids in food, pharmaceutical and chemical plants. As insulation it protects cables in TV stations, telephone exchanges, power plants and ships at sea. In film form it saves tender plants from frost, shields machinery in factories, keeps blasting powder dry in dank mines, goes aloft in high-altitude weather balloons.

Curiously enough, the piece of molecular magic, that has turned out to be the most dazzling success of all the plastics, started life as an ugly duckling nobody wanted. Twenty-one years ago in the laboratories of Imperial Chemical Industries in England, chemists were trying to create a new synthetic by combining liquid ethylene, a petroleum product, and an aldehyde compound. They thought that the two, their molecules linked together under high pressure, might make a promising plastic material.

The trouble was that the two would not join. In the retorts, the scientists found the aldehyde unchanged and the ethylene turned from a liquid into strange white bits of waxy matter. They had a new plastic, but they didn't see any particular use for it.

Then World War II came and suddenly, dramatically, polyethylene jumped into the battle to save Britain. In their desperate rush to turn out radar to hunt the swarms of marauding Nazi planes, the engineers made a disturbing discovery. Insulating materials that worked all right in other electrical installations failed dismally in radar equipment. Frantically they tried one substance after another until finally they found that the obscure polyethylene was sensationally effective. It seemed to take any amount of punishment.

Imperial rushed construction of a giant plant, but the military men knew it couldn't turn out enough polyethylene to supply the demand that would come from the U. S. Armed Services. The president of DuPont was alerted and, within hours, three of its engineers were flying across the Atlantic. They came back with the know-how for the building of a giant plant in West Virginia. Union Carbide, at the urging of the Navy, built another plant.

From then on the cry of the Army and Navy was: "We can't get enough of that wonderful stuff!" Use in radar soon became only one of a hundred military jobs. Polyethylene, for instance, covered the wire the Signal Corps used to set up its great communications networks under fire.

But its usefulness went far beyond insulation. In Chicago, scientists of the Visking Corporation came up with the startling discov-

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ery that polyethylene could be turned into a film with an almost unbelievable list of virtues. It was tough, pliable, light in weight, economical, transparent, waterproof.

The Army, Navy and Air Force took all of it they could get to protect implements of war everywhere from the steaming tropics to the frozen Arctic. It proved the final answer to the admonition " . . . and keep your powder dry."

The makers of the magic film had no doubts about its wartime value, but they were not sure just what would happen when they started looking for peacetime uses.

E. B. Cahn, now general manager of Visking's Plastics Division, recalls the day he set out to sell the film. He drove to an outlying manufacturing district and selected as his first prospect a small garment manufacturing company.

Unrolling a big sheet of the film, he spread it out before the proprietor, who studied it for a long time, then asked, "Can it be sewn?"

That jolted Cahn because, as far as he knew, nobody had ever tried to sew polyethylene film. But the miraculous stuff could do everything else, so why couldn't it be sewn? "Sure," he answered confidently. "Go ahead and try it."

The manufacturer took a sample back to a sewing-machine operator and told her to hem it up into a tablecloth. While Cahn looked on, trying to conceal his nervousness, the film zipped swiftly through the machine. In a few minutes the operator held up a finished tablecloth.

"Beautiful," the manufacturer said, "I'll place an order for 30,000 pounds."

The elated Cahn gulped, hastily wrote the order and was on the street before a disturbing thought struck him. He rushed back up the rickety stairs and confronted the garment-maker.

"Do you realize you gave me an order for 15 *tons*?"

"Yes."

"Do you realize that amounts to $45,000?"

"Sure," said the manufacturer.

"Have you *got* $45,000?"

"No, but if this stuff is as good as you say it is, I'll have it in 30 days."

He got the money all right, because the polyethylene tablecloths were a sensational success; and soon literally hundreds of designers and manufacturers of an incredible range of items were clamoring for supplies of the versatile plastic.

TODAY the tough transparent sheets are performing their most spectacular roles in rugged outdoor jobs: as portable garages, tents you can put in your pocket, protectors for outdoor furniture, shields to keep baseball diamonds and football gridirons dry. As portable greenhouses they protect seedlings from spring cold and bearing plants from early fall frost.

They have at last made it possible to lick the gardener's curse—weeds. A polyethylene tarp is laid over the soil before seeds are planted and a gas sprayed under it, destroying the weed seeds before they have a chance to germinate.

Polyethylene film has brought a revolution to vegetable packing. Bags made of it are now used by the billions to package some 50 different kinds of fruits and vegetables, but the food experts claim that is

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only a starter. The fact that they provide the housewife with a free, sanitary ice box bag would be enough reason for the belief of growers that some day soon you will buy all your vegetables in polyethylene bags.

Look at the percentage of waste in typical unpackaged vegetables: asparagus 34 per cent, sweet corn 44, lettuce 32. When these vegetables are packed in airtight bags, with all the moisture kept in, freight costs are cut and at the same time the housewife gets vegetables that take less preparation time.

The polyethylene bag-makers have plenty more packaging tricks up their sleeves, like the bag they whipped up for a syrup manufacturer. Syrup in bags? Not as crazy as it sounds, because this one is in the form of a pitcher. Just tear off the corner and you have a spout for pouring. A tricky arrangement of flanges permits the bag to stand upright.

Polyethylene's versatility doesn't stop with film, widespread as its uses may be. The basic material can be molded into any form—dishes, for instance.

One day a decade ago, a then obscure young industrial designer named Earl Tupper walked into the DuPont research office. As he and the researcher talked, the latter fished out a little block of plastic and tossed it onto the desk.

"What's that?" Tupper asked, fingering the little cube.

"Some stuff we'll be trying to put to use when the Armed Services don't need it any more. Maybe you can think up some use for it."

The young designer found something to do with it. It was, he discovered, just right for making an amazing new kind of dish. It might look delicate, but you could throw it on the floor, even jump on it, without doing it any harm. You could twist it, hammer it, pour hot water over it, put it into a sub-zero freezer. Nothing seemed to hurt it.

Tupper's incredible dishes were the public's first contact with molded polyethylene, which today appears in the home as bread boxes, beverage shakers, ice cube trays, refrigerator storage dishes, canister sets, bottle stoppers—the list gets longer every day.

Another wonder child of the molded products is the now familiar squeeze bottle. Last year close to a quarter-billion of these remarkable bottles, containing more than 3,000 different products, entered the hands of squeeze-happy Americans.

Polyethylene is a latecomer to the field of plastic toys, but it promises to capture a bigger and bigger share of the billion-dollar toy business.

"We really have something here," boast the toy-makers, who are already turning out some 300 different polyethylene playthings possessing a unique combination of softness and rigidity.

You can twist, jump on, pound, dunk, throw, or do most anything that fiendish juvenile minds can think of to a polyethylene toy with-

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out hurting it. Junior can safely bounce his polyethylene beach pail off sister's head and baby can toss his poly blocks at the window without disastrous results.

A Nebraska farm that astonished agricultural officials in last year's dust-dry summer gives the clue to one of polyethylene's concealed but vastly important new jobs. While all the farms around it were yellowed and sear, their crops a total loss, this one was a bright green oasis. The secret? The place was irrigated with a system of "Poly Pipes," looked upon by agriculture and industry as one of the seven wonders of the plastics age.

Those plastic pipes have all the flexibility of hose and, for many purposes, strength equal to or greater than that of metal. Unlike metal pipes, freezing will not damage them—they expand with the ice instead of bursting. Used in deep mines they have long outlasted metal pipes. They are so light a man can easily hold up 200 feet of piping in one hand.

Experts foresee the day when every farm will have a portable irrigation system of poly pipes, and homeowners will install automatic sprinkling systems using polyethylene pipes just under the surface at a fraction of what metal piping now costs.

The way things are going with their magic plastic, the seven big companies who are putting up huge new factories to turn it out are not worried about what they will do with it all. They will be turning out five times as much polyethylene in a few years. "But what's that," asks one enthusiastic Visking official, "when you've got something that has 10,000 uses already? And who knows what wonders we haven't even thought of yet?"

Those Christenings

A LARGE AMOUNT of grease is needed to make it possible for a ship's cradle to slide smoothly down the groundways at the launching. In hot weather, it is necessary to apply crushed ice to the grease to prevent the runways drying.

When grease was scarce in World War II, self-reliant workers at Bethlehem's Beaumont, Texas, yard daubed the groundways with spoiled bananas—and chuckled as they launched a vessel as smoothly as ever. —*Staten Island Advance*

A CLASSIC ship-christening story concerns Henry J. Kaiser and his ship-building wizards.

The lady who had been asked to perform the ceremony stood at the dock, bottle in hand. "But there's no ship," she exclaimed to Mr. Kaiser.

"Start swinging, ma'am," retorted the builder. "There will be in a second!" —BERTHA SULMAN

WHEN MAMIE EISENHOWER went to Groton, Connecticut, to christen the Navy's first atomic submarine, somebody wondered whether the First Lady ought to break a bottle of champagne or milk over the hull.

"She'd better use milk," one reporter warned. "Champagne might set the whole darned thing off!" —HY GARDNER

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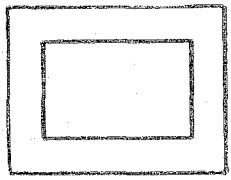
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Find the Answers!

1. CROSSING THE MOAT

The drawing shows a moat, 6 feet wide, around a castle. The drawbridge is up and you have only two planks, each 5 feet, ten inches long, but nothing to hold them together.



How do you get to the other side without getting wet?

2. SHAKE HANDS

Ten friends met and each shook hands with every other. How many handshakes were there?

3. CHAINSMOKERS

Six smokers smoke six cigarettes in six minutes. How many smokers smoke 80 cigarettes in 48 minutes?

4. IT'S IN THE DIGITS

(a) How would you write "one hundred" in four identical digits? (b) How would you write eleven thousand-eleven hundred-eleven in five digits?

5. HOLD THAT TIGER

Two circus workers were unloading the wild animals from a freight train, when the cage of an untamed tiger opened and the animal got loose in the car. One of the workers jumped from the car, slamming the door behind him and blocking the escape of his friend. But the locked-up man managed to save his life. How?

6. PUT ALL YOUR EGGS IN ONE BASKET

A peasant's wife takes 15 eggs to market. In her basket, she has three varieties of eggs—goose, chicken and duck. She sells each goose egg for 3 cents, each chicken egg for $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and each duck egg for $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. She sells all the eggs and takes in 15 cents. How many eggs of each kind did she have in her basket?

7. FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

On the bell tower of the church of Smalltown is a sign which reads: "We call your attention to the fact that the works of our tower clock are in perfect condition but that the clock shows the wrong time and has struck incorrectly since 1953. But you can easily figure out the right time, for at midnight, the hands of the clock point to 16 minutes past eleven and the bell strikes 5 times."

I passed the church at 8:49 by my watch. What time did the clock show, and when would the bell next strike and what hour?

8. THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

If 92 players enter a tournament for a singles championship, how many matches have to be played to determine the winner? Each match is a contest between two players, eliminating one of them.

DONALD WOLFE

(*Answers on following page*)

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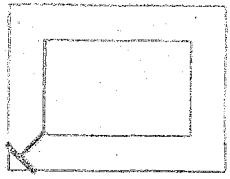
SOLUTIONS TO "FIND THE ANSWERS!"

1. CROSSING THE MOAT.
The drawing gives the solution.



2. SHAKE HANDS
Mr. A. shakes hands with 9 others. Mr. B shakes hands with Mr. A (already counted) and 8 others. Mr. C shakes hands with A and B (already counted) and 7 others. The answer is therefore 45, the sum of the integers from 9 to 1 inclusive.

3. CHAINSMOKERS
Each of the six smokers needs six minutes to finish one cigarette (not one minute, as you might have thought). Therefore one smoker can smoke 8 cigarettes in 48 minutes and ten smokers will smoke 80 cigarettes in 48 minutes.

4. IT'S IN THE DIGITS
(a) 99%. (b) Eleven thousand (11,000) eleven hundred (1100) and eleven (11) add up to 12,111—not 11,111.

5. HOLD THAT TIGER
He ran into the empty cage and locked himself in and the tiger out.

6. PUT ALL YOUR EGGS IN ONE BASKET
one goose egg 3 cents.....3 cents
5 chicken eggs 1½ cents..7½ cents
9 duck eggs ½ cent....4½ cents
15 eggs.....15 cents

7. FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS
The clock shows a time which is 44 minutes behind the true time. At 8:49 it will therefore show 8:05. By the clock's time, the bell strikes the hour at 16 minutes past, and is 6 strokes short. It will strike at 8:16 (11 minutes later), and will strike 2.

8. THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT
To eliminate all but one of 92 players, there must, therefore, be 91 matches. Here's how it would work: after the first round of 46 matches, there will be 46 winners who will compete in 23 matches of the second round. Of the winners, 22 will compete in 11 matches and the 23rd winner will play one of the 11 winners, making 12 matches in the third round, but only 11 winners. The 11 will then have six matches for the same reason. The five winners of this round will compete in three matches, from which two winners will emerge to play the finals. The sequence of matches runs: 46, 23, 12, 6, 3, 1—making a total of 91.

Force of Habit

EVER WONDER WHY a long-distance operator offers to call back in 20 minutes when the called party is out of the office "for a short time." It's all a matter of habit, say telephone statisticians, who have learned that one is more apt to find a person returned to the office after 20 minutes than after 15 minutes or half an hour. —*Northwestern Bell Magazine*

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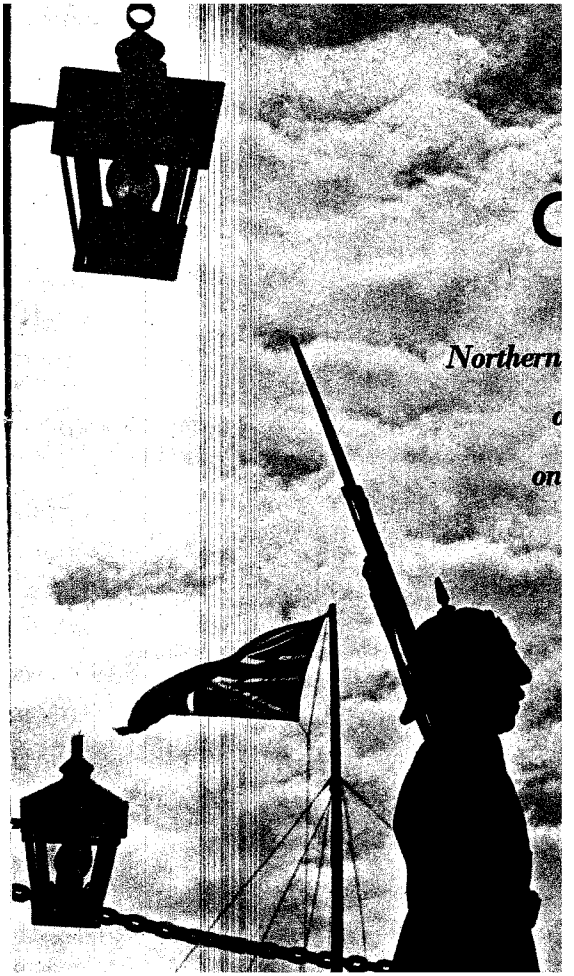

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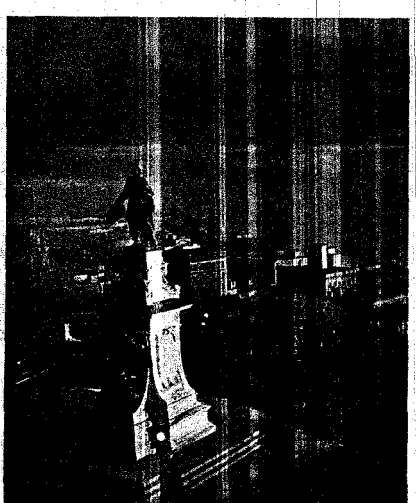
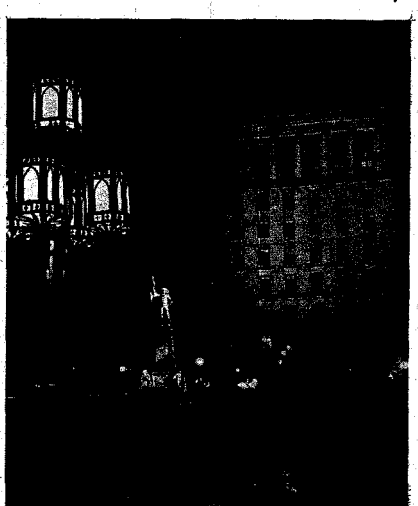
From the rugged West to the Old-World East, a ribbon of rails spans the nation.

Quebec, its oldest city, broods over the great river and is proud of the French heritage it has cherished to this day.



Montreal, its storied metropolis, seeks a new fulfillment in its tall towers, citadels of finance and modern industry.



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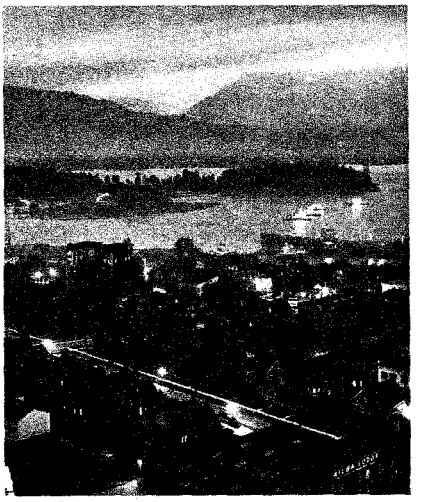
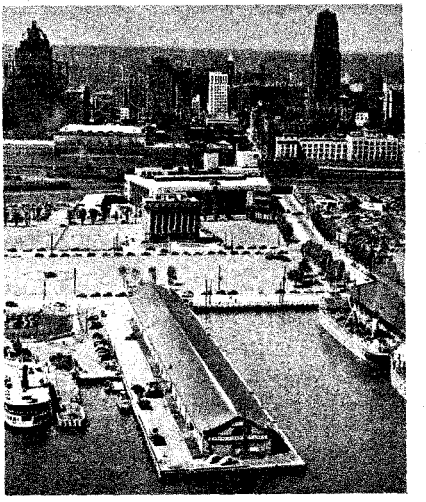


Oceans and waterways are its arteries of commerce, whether it be bustling Vancouver, gateway to the Orient, . . .



. . . or the young giant, Toronto, its busy wharves set on the shores of Lake Ontario, a thousand miles from the sea.

While on the far Atlantic, farms nestle peacefully along the rocky Gaspé coast.

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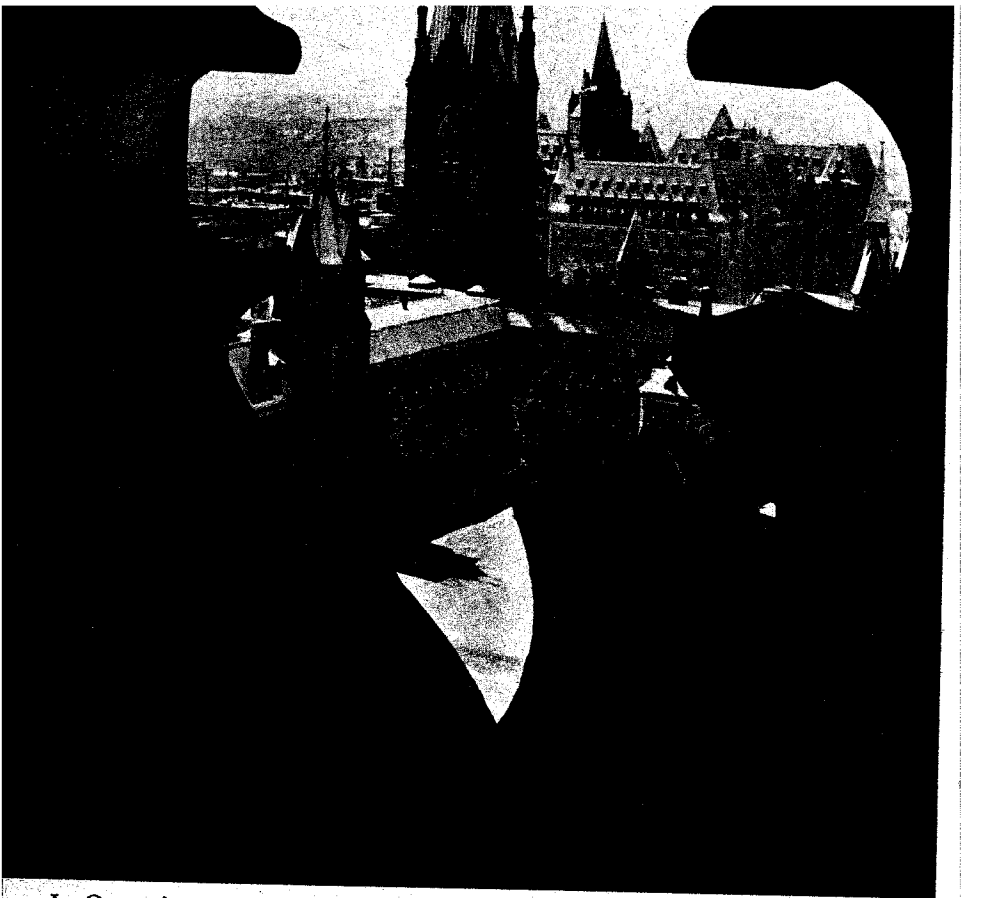

In Ottawa's turreted Parliament Building beats the political heart of Canada. Here, for the nation and for the Queen, Senate and Commons meet to govern far-flung territories reaching from the Arctic to the neighboring United States.

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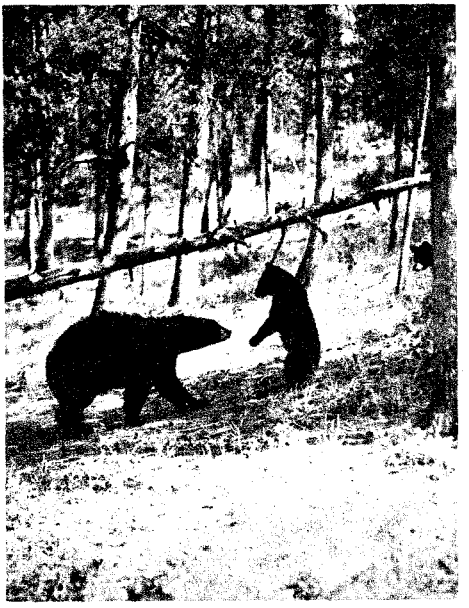
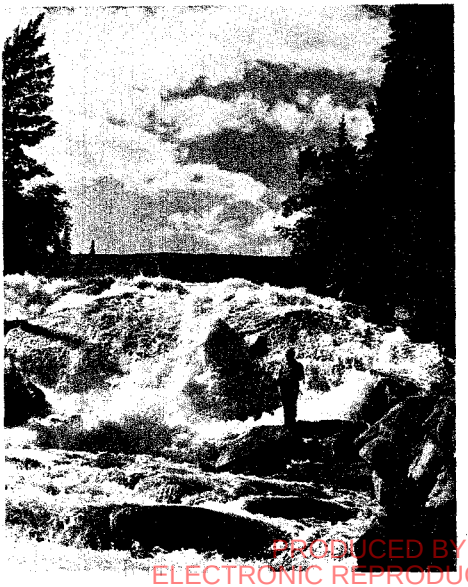


Nature has been lavish in Canada's playgrounds. Bears still disport themselves in the vast northern forests . . .

. . . while in the mountains, winter snows turn long slopes into a paradise for skiers and their crisscrossing trails.

In its clear, tumbling streams, anglers from far and near come to test their skill against trout and other game fish.

Because Canadians have never lost their love for horses, scores of well-run dude ranches sprawl across the wide plains.



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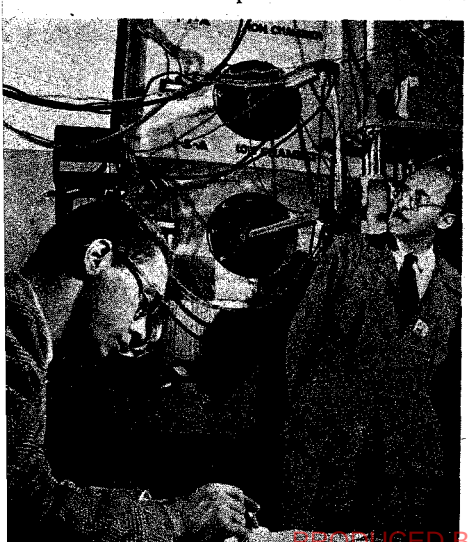
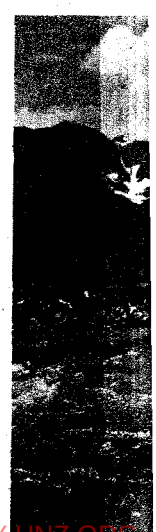
Across the face of the land, man has turned nature's
The refineries and workshops of booming industries

In new laboratories, scientists seek to
harness the vast power of the atom . . .

. . . but in t
for gold as t





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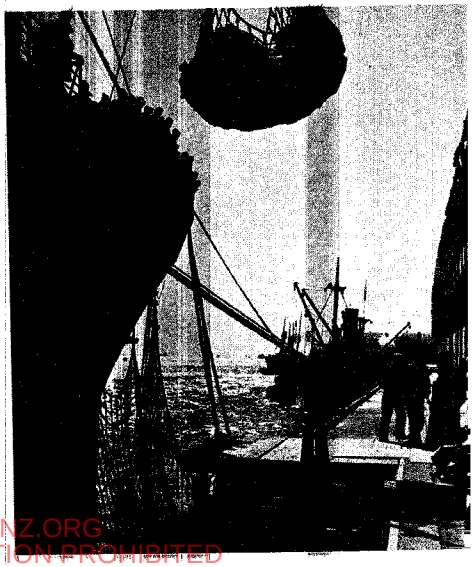
Yet the good earth itself, and the sea, remain Canada's greatest benefactors. Its abundant herds, grains and fish feed millions at home and abroad every year.

Timber from its forests, logged downstream, supplies newsprint to the world.

Cargoes from its fields and factories are shipped to every quarter of the globe.



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UP IN THE FAR NORTH, still a wilderness of mountain, forest and stream, the face of the land is little changed. Here the crump of bulldozers and the clang of hammers has not yet penetrated. Indian fur-trappers still patrol their lonely lines as their fathers did before them, and carry their pelts to the white man's post for sale. And farther still to the north are Canada's nomad Eskimos, not numerous, but flourishing now under the white man's understanding tutelage.

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Twelve generations of Canadians have labored to make their nation great. This Gaspé fisherman symbolizes Canada's large fishing industry. Two-thirds of its catch is drawn from the Atlantic, one-third from the Pacific and inland lakes.

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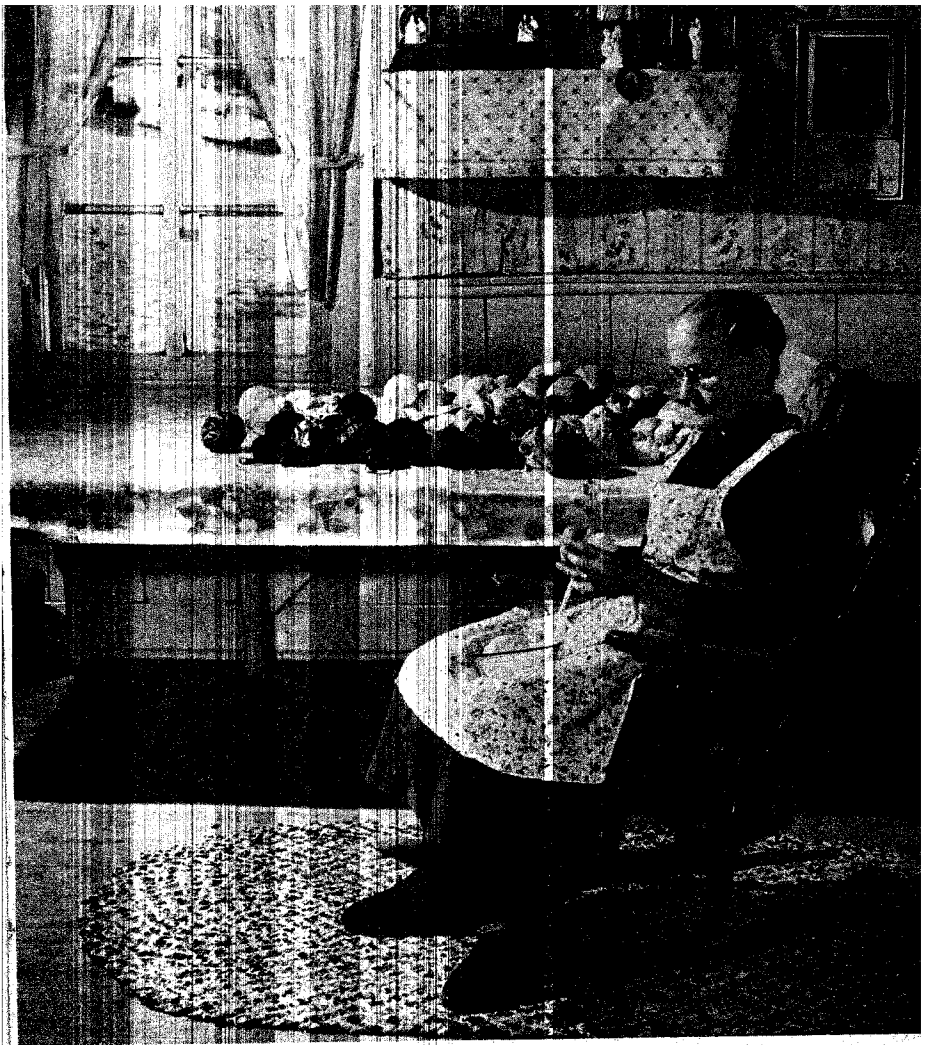

The French tradition in Canada, dating back four centuries, still flows strong and true today, especially in Quebec. Almost three million Canadians speak only French, retaining their deep-rooted piety and pride in age-old handicrafts.

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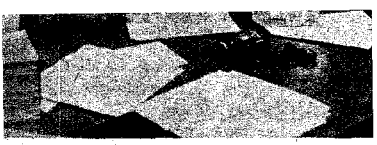

wealth flows directly from its use of
opportunity, it welcomes immigrants

es responsibility for the defense of t
ay their part in the country's ever-gr

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Canadians of all ages are intensely sport-conscious. Every boy dre
playing hockey, a winter sport at which the country has long excell

. . . the older generation, recalling their youth, prefer less
times, like the old Scottish game of curling, played with handled

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Kilted bagpipers make lively music as they skirl a reel for dancers on the green.

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lice are but one symbol of a nation that
aith, hope and confidence in the future.

CORONET

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Her little girl watched as a stranger kidnapped her from a Philadelphia house

by MARY JANE HODGES

CRIME, LIKE LIGHTNING, rarely strikes twice in the same place. Yet the Philadelphia police files list such a crime—its mystery magnified a hundred times by the dual onslaught of fate which shattered the home of Magistrate Jules Forstein, himself a representative of the law.

Still unsolved after nine years, the dossier may harbor the secrets of not one but two perfect crimes.

On the wintry afternoon of January 25, 1945, Mrs. Forstein took her children to stay with a neighbor while she went shopping. The proprietors of the local grocery and meat stores reported later that she was laughing and gay as usual. Each person that she met said she seemed perfectly natural. Mrs. Maria Townley, a neighbor, saw her return home, but admitted that someone could have been with her: "It was getting dark and I didn't look too closely."

Someone did enter the Forstein home, someone who either had a key or came with Mrs. Forstein, because she was brutally beaten and left unconscious. Police were summoned by a telephone operator who became alarmed when the woman apparently knocked over the telephone in the living room.

Detective Joseph Markey entered the house through the open front door. He found Mrs. Forstein lying on the living room floor, her face battered, her clothing disheveled. She was rushed to the hospital, where it was discovered she had suffered a broken jaw and nose, a fractured shoulder and brain concussion.

Her husband, City Magistrate Forstein, was told by his friend, Capt. James A. Kelly of Homicide, that they would have to wait until morning before Dorothy could speak to them. Jules was normally an amiable man, a well-known figure in Philadelphia politics. "I don't understand it," he cried. "I may have some personal political enemies, but no one who would attack my wife like this."

While the shocked husband

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waited at the hospital, police searched the house. Mrs. Forstein's purse had been lying next to her, untouched. Nothing in the house was missing. Police checked the alibi of Magistrate Forstein, but it was unassailable. The children were too young to be considered suspects. The attractive woman had no known enemies.

Next morning, Jules and Captain Kelly were able to question her. Haltingly she whispered a suspicion that the intruder must have been hiding in a little alcove under the front stairs of the three-story brick home. "Someone jumped out at me—I couldn't see who it was. He just hit me and hit me."

Dorothy Forstein never recovered fully from that terrible ordeal. Her expression was changed by the facial injury, her painful shoulder required constant treatment. She changed from a carefree, good-natured person to a highstrung, nervous woman.

After leaving the hospital, Mrs. Forstein went over the events of that day with Captain Kelly. She told him the names of a dozen friends she had met in shops and on the street. She could remember no incident to indicate she was being watched or followed. Kelly traced every possible clue, but in vain. Five years passed, during which neither the identity of the attacker nor his motive was ever discovered.

Often as Magistrate Forstein was called upon to pass judgment on criminals, he wondered if he would ever discover the solution to the mystery which had so disrupted his home.

He had met Dorothy at a political meeting in 1941, where they renewed a childhood acquaintance. He was then clerk of the Philadelphia City Council and a promising young politician. He had been married before, but his first wife had died in childbirth, leaving him the infant, Marcy, and another daughter, Merna, aged ten. Dorothy combined a natural blonde beauty with the energy and ability to make a name for herself as representative of a cosmetics firm. She was then living in New York and had come home only for a visit. But Jules persuaded her to stay—for good.

They were married the same year he was made a magistrate—1943. Dorothy quickly won the love of her two stepchildren, and a year later the little family was made complete by the birth of a son, Edward.

Four years after the mysterious attack, Edward fell ill with a persistent virus infection. Dorothy exhausted what little strength she had left in nursing the child and Jules was worried. He was up for re-election, and the campaign demanded more time than he preferred to spend away from home.

ON THE EVENING of October 18, he planned to attend the banquet of the 24th Ward Republican Club and had tried to find a friend or relative to stay with Dorothy. But there was no one available. He called from his office at 7 P.M. "I don't expect to be too late. Is everything all right?"

She joked and chatted with him, and ended the conversation by saying: "Be sure to miss me!"

It was 11:30 before Forstein reached his home at 1835 North Franklin Street. As he let himself

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in, he heard Marcy calling from upstairs. In her bedroom the child was sitting up, five-year-old Edward huddled beside her. At the sight of their father, the frightened children burst into tears.

"Mommy's gone!" they cried.

Forstein calmed the children. Dorothy had probably gone out to visit a neighbor. He waited half an hour. Then, at midnight, he started telephoning. He called Dorothy's two sisters and her brother, Arthur Cooper, who came to the house. The two men continued the search.

They learned that Dorothy had called a friend at 9:30 P.M. to make a shopping date for next day. But that was all. At 3 A.M. they called Captain Kelly.

He examined the house. The bedroom showed no signs of struggle. The bedclothes were thrown back as if Dorothy had gotten up. Her purse with $40 was on the dresser.

"She can't be in the neighborhood," Kelly observed. "She would never leave the children; she has no purse or keys. . . ."

A routine check—and double-check—of all friends, relatives, hospitals, hotels, rooming houses, convalescent homes, even the city morgue; all brought the same answer—nothing.

There was only one possible clue—the fantastic tale that Marcy told. Forstein and Cooper had dismissed it as the wild imaginings of a child, built on the terrible story of her mother's attack in 1945. But Kelly questioned the child again.

"BEAUTY AND BRAINS"

A picture story of five beautiful women who have combined modeling careers with work in the arts and sciences. In October Coronet.

The balding, kindly man spoke quietly: "Tell me again what happened last night, Marcy."

"I woke up and it was late. I don't know whether I heard voices or whether I just woke up. I went to the head of the stairs and there was a man coming up. He went to Mommy's room in the front and through a crack in the door, I could see her lying on her face on the rug. She looked sick."

The child choked back a sob. "The man . . . the man turned her over on her back and picked her up. He put her over his shoulder so her head hung down his back. When I asked him what he was doing, he said: 'Go back to sleep, little one, your Mommy has been sick, but she will be all right now.' He patted me on the head."

The chief was persistent: "And how was Mommy dressed?"

"She had on her red slippers and her red silk pajamas—the ones she liked because they were so pretty. She didn't say anything."

"And what did the man look like?"

"He had on a brown cap with a peak, not pulled down too much. And a brown jacket and something stuck in his shirt. I guess he was about as old as Daddy. I never saw him before."

"And then . . .?"

"Then he went downstairs and out the door. When I heard the lock snap, I went and got Edward. We waited 'til Daddy got home."

Forstein expressed regret that his oldest child, Merna, had been away

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visiting. But Kelly trusted Marcy. He had her examined by a psychiatrist and a psychologist; both reported that the child was telling fact, not fancy.

How far could a man go on a busy street carrying an unconscious woman clad only in pajamas? Kelly puzzled over the strange details of the case. Certainly she would have struggled with the kidnapper. But if she had, the rug would have been out of place, and the child had said she was still wearing loose slippers.

If a man had carried her downstairs, he must have steadied himself on the handrail, yet where were his fingerprints? How had he entered the house? Kelly reflected on the 1945 attack. Then, too, a man had entered without disturbing a lock or a window. Was there any connection?

On October 20th, police acknowledged there were "no real leads in the case." The search had spread to eight Eastern states. On October 23rd, a police broadcast went out to the entire country.

Kelly was methodical. Today, the case file bulges with correspondence to all parts of the United States. Eventually he examined the possibility that the family had considered all along: Dorothy was a victim of amnesia. Perhaps she had left voluntarily.

By court order, the family's safe was opened, but everything was found to be in order. She had not drawn any checks on her large personal account. She had taken no clothes. And yet, not one of her many friends had heard from her.

A month went by. The case was consigned to the back pages. Her parents placed a grief-stricken plea in the paper just before Christmas:

"The children ask 'When is Mommy coming home?' We beg her to communicate with us if she is able. That would be the finest gift that the children, her husband and ourselves could ever get."

Dorothy Forstein was—or is—an average woman. Her brother has said: "She and her husband were like almost any other couple. They had their ups and downs but never anything serious. She is devoted to him."

Everyone agreed that Dorothy Forstein had many friends and no enemies. She lived modestly and quietly. Perhaps some urge was so strong as to separate her from her children and her husband. But such an urge would have made a heartless woman out of the warm, loving wife and mother that she was.

What little evidence is available in the official files has been transferred from "Missing Persons" to "Homicide." But the question remains: was Dorothy Forstein alive when she was last seen, being carried from her home under the eyes of her children? Was this the man who, five years earlier, had escaped after his vicious attack? And why should brutal crime and impenetrable mystery strike twice in the same place?

GOOD MANAGEMENT consists in showing *average* people how to do the work of *superior* people. —JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

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The Professor's Toy

by WENDY WARREN

ON AN EVENING in November, 1895, a professor in Germany waited impatiently until all of his assistants had gone home. Then he pulled out the small black box he kept hidden. It contained something that had been invented years before: a vacuum bulb with two metal plates which produced peculiar radiations, when charged with electrical current.

He was not really *ashamed* of his interest in the bulb—after all, many scientists were studying it—but he felt it was not very dignified for a physics professor at the University of Würzburg to be playing with toys. For that was all the bulb was—a fascinating toy. It had no practical purpose whatsoever.

The professor pulled the curtains shut to make sure that the room was in utter darkness. Then he pushed on the switch, sending a high-tension current through the tube. But as he was about to get underway with his observations, he was startled to see a glow of light on a screen at the far end of his office, which had been treated with a sensitive fluorescent substance.

He could not understand where the light was coming from. The window curtains were tightly drawn. He checked the box, but there was no leak or crack. This was weird. Light rays *could not* travel through an opaque box. And yet—there was no other explanation.

For several weeks he shut himself up in his office, more and more puzzled and intrigued with the "toy." Then one day he put his hand in front of the box and flicked on the switch. Five tiny sticks appeared on the screen. With a sudden start, the professor realized that he was the first man ever to see the skeleton of a living hand.

Only then did he understand what his plaything might mean to the world. He worked with feverish intensity, substituting photographic plates for the fluorescent screen to obtain permanent images, then wrote a paper on his findings. A few days later, on December 28, 1895, he read it to the Würzburg Physical-Medical Society. By December 30, every scientist in Europe had heard the news, and within a month the strange new rays were being studied all over the world.

He called them "x-rays" for the sake of brevity. Today they are used in the treatment of over 500 diseases, and in the diagnosis of many more. By playing with something he considered a toy, an obscure German professor named Wilhelm Röntgen discovered the greatest single therapeutic agent in modern medicine.

Wendy Warren appears on *Wendy Warren and the News*, CBS-Radio, Monday through Friday.

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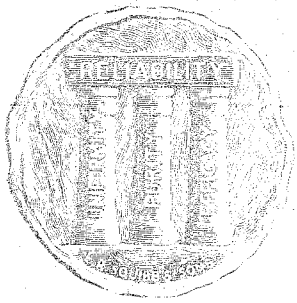
The unswerving integrity and purpose of one man are reflected in the purity of modern drugs



The Fabulous

by MORT WEISINGER

ALMOST TEN TIMES every second, some anxious American enters his neighborhood drugstore, hurries to the prescription counter and hands the pharmacist a slip of paper engraved with the mystic symbol, "Rx." A few minutes later he leaves, confident that he has been given just what the doctor ordered.

Such faith in the pharmaceutical products dispensed by the modern druggist is justified. But this was not always so. A few generations ago, patent medicines and old wives' remedies were the chief stock in trade, and reliable drugs of standard quality were practically unknown.

Thanks in large part to the untiring efforts of one of America's most famous and respected drug firms—the House of Squibb—the art of prescription today has become an exact science. For almost a century this great pharmaceutical firm has pioneered in raising the standards of medicinal products.

Probably no other drug company in the world is so active in as many different fields of medicine. Its 400 products range all the way from dental cream and aspirin, through complex anesthetics, vitamin preparations, biologicals, glandular products, chemotherapeutic agents, vaccines and antitoxins, to Normal Serum Albumin for the treatment of shock.

Thousands of war veterans will always be grateful for the Squibb-invented morphine tartrate Syrette, a single-dose emergency hypodermic unit of morphine which can be easily administered to the wounded in the field of battle. For some 20 years, too, the company's Veterinarian Division has been giving protection to almost every kind of domestic animal.

Behind every Squibb product there is a dramatic story of trial and error, of countless experiments representing hope and heartbreak. A typical example is that of the research which led to the discovery of Nydrazid, Squibb's anti-tuberculous drug.

This microbe-hunting melodrama started in 1946, when Squibb scientists began the tedious task of cataloging, synthesizing and testing compounds which might conceivably prove effective against the tubercle bacillus. Every possibility was checked. Obscure reports were

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House of SQUIBB

dug out of the medical literature of many countries.

As an extreme example, an old tradition had assigned curative properties to the moss *Usnea barbata*, harvested from the skulls of criminals hanging on the gallows. Usnic acid was accordingly tested, and while it displayed some activity in the test-tube, in a living animal it proved totally ineffective.

Years went by with almost no encouragement. Occasionally a compound looked promising, only to prove to be so toxic that it killed mice faster than the infection it was supposed to cure. Finally, after screening some 8,000 compounds and synthesizing 5,000 of them, Squibb scientists triumphed with a drug they christened Nydrazid.

Then came the stranger-than-fiction twist. It was discovered that Nydrazid had been synthesized in Europe 40 years ago by two German students as an exercise for a Ph.D. degree. They had seen no use for it and, like countless other compounds similarly developed, it had been allowed to gather dust on a laboratory shelf.

Literally built with medical milestones, the House of Squibb was founded in 1858 by a 39-year-old physician, Dr. Edward Robinson Squibb, the son of simple Quaker parents. During his early life in Wilmington, Delaware, he acquired such major roots as habits of thrift, perseverance in work, and integrity of character.

Since boyhood Squibb had dreamed of becoming a doctor. To achieve that goal, he worked five years as an apothecary's apprentice in Philadelphia. His chores consisted mainly of standing at a huge stone mortar with a large pestle and for hours grinding evil-smelling ingredients. Out of his earnings he saved enough to enter Jefferson Medical College, where he graduated with high honors in 1845.

When the Mexican War broke out, Dr. Squibb was commissioned an Assistant Surgeon in the Navy. With sailors' lives at stake, it infuriated him that the Navy purchased drugs the way it purchased gunpowder—from the lowest bidder, with no regard for quality—and he said so in blistering official reports.

Eventually his voice was heard, and in 1852 he was assigned to establish a naval laboratory for drug research at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Because the need was most urgent, his first project concentrated on anesthetics. At that time, most surgeons would not permit the use of ether because, due to the crude way it was manufactured, it frequently contained toxic impurities and was highly variable in potency.

After numerous and perilous experiments, Dr. Squibb developed a

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process of distilling ether continuously by steam which eliminated the constant hazard of fire and explosion and made it possible to manufacture pure anesthetic ether of consistent strength. Dr. Squibb was offered a fortune for the rights to his process but chose to release it to the world.

MEANWHILE, the doctor was busy standardizing a wide variety of drugs used by the Navy. Since there were no prior criteria of purity, he established his own, the highest ever known. Whenever official funds ran out, he dug into his own pocket to buy needed materials and apparatus.

Slowly, painstakingly, he devised processes for manufacturing fluid extracts from raw drugs; also methods of assaying crude drugs, potent tinctures and powdered extracts. Squibb's meticulous standards made a tremendous impact on medicine and pharmacy. "Look at the bottle, look at the label, look before you fill, look when you have filled," was his maxim.

As a final check and guarantee, he insisted on personally signing the labels on all the products he had made, and this signature became famous throughout the Navy. In time, many doctors refused to accept medicines without the Squibb label.

When, despite his revolutionary achievements, Congress failed to appropriate the increased funds that Dr. Squibb needed for expansion, the Chief Medical Purveyor of the U.S. Army suggested that he set up his own laboratories, guaranteeing that the Army would buy the bulk of his output. Thus encouraged, the doctor resigned from the Navy on September 1, 1857.

With nothing more than his reputation to offer as collateral, Dr. Squibb was able to raise the necessary capital by canvassing professional friends. By late summer of 1858, the laboratory of "Edward R. Squibb, M.D." was a reality—a tiny establishment on the Brooklyn waterfront.

His routine was to work all day, go home for supper, and then return after dark for more work. Squibb never deviated from this custom. One Christmas Eve, as he occupied himself with some experiment, an assistant accidentally knocked over a bottle of ether near an open flame. Within seconds the laboratory was an inferno.

Squibb's only thought was of the research data which represented his life's work. Ignoring his own safety, he braved the flames and rescued an armful of precious records. In so doing, his face was horribly burned and one hand had to be amputated.

More agonizing than his physical suffering, however, was the deep hurt he felt at the destruction of his laboratory. But as he lay slowly convalescing, a letter arrived containing a message of cheer from a group of leading medical men—and a check for $2,100 to help rebuild his laboratory. By the end of 1859, it was in full operation again.

Inevitably, the Civil War years boomed his business and Dr. Squibb was under constant pressure to increase production. Sometimes associates unfamiliar with his high ethics suggested substitutes or short cuts to accomplish this.

Once the miller in his laboratory was grinding a supply of costly er-

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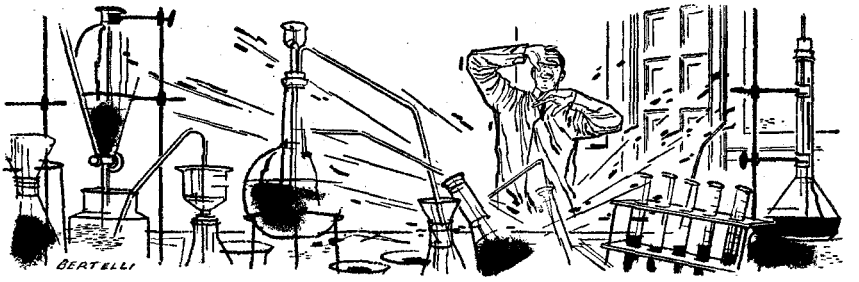

got and found two barrels left over from a previous year. Rather than waste it, he suggested that it be blended with the fresh supply. Dr. Squibb grimly told the miller to bring the two barrels to the boiler room. There he reached for a shovel and dumped the stuff into a blazing furnace.

When Dr. Squibb died in 1900, the Committee on Revision of the U. S. Pharmacopoeia stated: "Pharmacy has lost a Nestor, medicine a leader, and the world the noblest work of God—an honest man."

FOR A BRIEF PERIOD after Squibb's death, control of the company was in the hands of his sons, Charles Squibb and Dr. E. H. Squibb. In 1905, recognizing the need for vigorous leadership to build their late father's one-man enterprise into a worldwide operation, E. R. Squibb & Sons passed the reins to two astute industrialists, Lowell M. Palmer and Theodore Weicker.

Palmer and Weicker waged a relentless battle for the passage of pure food laws, cooperated with the AMA and were leaders in the fight for the enactment of the Federal Food and Drug Act in 1906 and its revision in 1938.

E. R. Squibb & Sons today employs some 8,500 people and has branches spread across the nation, with plants and affiliates throughout the Free World from Turkey to the Philippine Islands. The annual volume of sales runs upward of $100 million. In 1952, the firm merged with the Mathieson Chemical Corporation, which in turn recently merged with Olin Industries, Inc. to form Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. Squibb now operates as a division of the new organization. Serving as president of the Squibb Division is John C. Leppart.

From the original modest five-story building on the East River waterfront, the Brooklyn Laboratories have been enlarged to encompass 13 modern structures where most of the refining, purifying and manufacturing of pharmaceuticals and chemicals is done. Sprawled over 90 acres, the Squibb biochemical pharmaceutical laboratories at New Brunswick, New Jersey, are the arsenal from which flow the company's new weapons against disease.

On a fateful day in October, 1940, Squibb scientists received a tiny vial containing a culture of *penicillium notatum*, the first sent from England by Dr. H. W. Florey, one of the early investigators of the drug. In this vial were the progenitors of the countless mold spores

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responsible for today's large-scale production of Squibb penicillin.

To obtain a few precious ounces of dry sterile penicillin powder, 10,000 gallons of culture broth must be processed after fermentation by the mold. To meet the almost insatiable demand for this wonder drug, Squibb built a mammoth penicillin building on its New Brunswick site. The company's engineers perfected huge fermentation vats with ingenious rotary agitators to keep the microbes whirling around in the tanks.

Before a new discovery by Squibb scientists is released to the public, it must undergo rigid testing by the Product Development Division to determine whether it will be safe for human use.

The catalyst which translates the discoveries of the laboratories into jars on the druggists' shelves is a modern shrine of science, the Squibb Institute for Medical Research. This massive structure, also located on the New Brunswick site, functions virtually as an independent organization, free from hampering restriction. Open to scientists of every race and creed, its research is devoted to four fields—Pharmacology, Microbiology, Organic and Medicinal Chemistry.

A veritable microbe-hunter's Utopia, projects here include work on new products required by the medical profession, improvement of older products and confidential assignments for the armed forces and the National Research Council.

Squibb Institute scientists have to keep on top of new developments. Staff members are encouraged to maintain contact with the research centers of hospitals and universities throughout the world.

A chemist may work for years on one quest and fail to realize his dream, but his work is not considered futile. The Institute has learned that the "useless knowledge" being accumulated today may pave the way for invaluable discoveries tomorrow. Dedicated to human health and happiness, the Institute stands as a living monument to the traditions of Dr. Edward Robinson Squibb, the man who removed the "X" factor from the Rx.

Putting It Mildly

YOU CAN ALWAYS find people who will give three cheers for something they wouldn't give anything else for. —ARTHUR LESLYE (*English Digest*)

MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE in law and order as long as they can lay down the law and give the orders. —*Irish Digest*

IT'S HARD TO RAISE a family, especially in the morning. —MAURICE SEITTER

HALF OF OUR MISTAKES in life arise from feeling when we ought to think, and thinking when we ought to feel. —JOHN COLLINS

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Protection from the financial disaster of major medical costs is now available

THE NEWEST KIND OF MEDICAL INSURANCE

ONE NIGHT IN 1951, Freddy Johnson, aged three, began to fret. When his eyes turned puffy and his skin turned gray, the Johnsons became alarmed. The doctor diagnosed nephrosis, a kidney disease, and thus began a nightmare that cost the Johnsons three years of worry and $8,691.

Freddy's father was a $3,500 a year clerk, 29 years old and a year out of the Army. The family lived with Johnson's parents in a small New Jersey town. They were saving to buy their own home, but there could be no question of that now.

For five months Freddy was under the doctor's care. Bills totaled $275, plus $50 for blood counts and other tests. Freddy got no better and was sent to the hospital. He stayed three months. Room and board cost $900, of which $300 was covered by Johnson's hospital insurance.

Charges for x-rays, fluid tappings and other tests ran another $600. Serum albumin was prescribed at $36 per administration. The $36 had to be delivered in cash before the serum was administered—once a day for 20 days and, later, daily for 10 days. Doctors' bills during Freddy's hospital stay and recuperation totaled $600, including several blood transfusions.

Cost to the Johnsons so far: $3,505, less $300 covered by insurance. Their savings were wiped out. So was a small inheritance of Mrs. Johnson's. Luckily, Johnson's father could help out.

Two years later the same illness struck again. Freddy went to the hospital and stayed 19 weeks. Total cost of the second sickness, $6,291, less $800 insurance benefits. Freddy is fine now, but it will be years before his family recovers from the financial shock of his illness.

An isolated case? Hardly. Almost everyone knows of a family stunned by sudden and overwhelming medical expense. A national company surveyed its employees and concluded that one family in 67 could expect one illness annually, costing more than $1,000. A nation-wide study now being conducted by the Research Council for Economic Se-

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curity in Chicago suggests that one of 30 non-agricultural wage-earners can expect one illness or off-the-job accident a year to keep him away from work for more than four weeks.

The Johnsons were lucky: their breadwinner was unaffected and a relative helped out. And today, the Johnsons are lucky in another way: it can't happen to them again. Since Freddy's illness, Johnson's company has adopted a new kind of group insurance for employees and their families. If this plan had been in effect when Freddy was sick, the expenses would have been $2,360, not $8,691.

This insurance is now available to most employee groups and individuals. It is called Major Medical Expense or catastrophe insurance, and is probably the most rapidly growing type of insurance today. At least six companies write policies for individuals, 27 for groups. Some 1,250,000 Americans are covered by it, about 85 per cent in group plans adopted by such employers as Sears, Roebuck, General Electric, General Motors, United Air Lines, Prudential Insurance, and more than 500 others.

"I have been calling on employers for more than ten years with all kinds of group insurance and frequently got the brush-off," says E. B. Whittaker, vice president of Prudential. "In the case of Major Medical, the difficulty is not getting in to see the employer but getting out."

Malcolm Saunders was the boss who experienced perhaps the fastest demonstration of the value of Major Medical. Owner of a prosperous Milwaukee machine tool shop, he was playing bridge one night about a month after taking out a policy for 40 employees and himself. A doctor friend was his partner.

The doctor noticed a tiny blood spot on Malcolm's shirt. Saunders explained he had a pimple on his chest, but the doctor persuaded him to undergo an examination. The "pimple" was a cancerous lesion. Surgery was necessary and Saunders collected $5,000 on his Major Medical policy.

Five years ago no such plan was generally available. It began in 1949, when Liberty Mutual Insurance was approached by the Elfun Society, a General Electric management group, for protection against medical bills not adequately covered by the usual type of hospital and surgical plans. Ninety per cent of the Society's 2,400 members enrolled in the resulting scheme.

They quickly learned its value. Shortly after the insurance took effect, a group executive walked under an apple tree at an outdoor party and scratched his eyeball. Within six months he spent more than $4,500 trying to save his eye. Major Medical paid most of it.

Policies insure against expenses arising from almost any conceivable cause, not just rarities like polio, spinal meningitis or a selected list of diseases. A few policies except mental illness, but most don't.

The purpose and scope of the new insurance has been described by Ray D. Murphy, President of Equitable Life: "Major Medical has been designed to provide protection against catastrophic illness. Catastrophic or disaster illnesses are not necessarily serious illnesses, from a medical point of view—any illness or accident is in the disaster

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A REALISTIC APPROACH TO THE PROBLEM

The medical profession believes that financing medical care is primarily an individual responsibility and puts its faith in our country's free-enterprise system to provide ways for such financing. One of our most pressing problems has been the unpredictable major medical expense that drains the average family's pocketbook. Voluntary insurance coverage against catastrophic costs of illness is a realistic approach to this problem. Its development on an experimental basis and its acceptance by the public is indeed gratifying.—*Edward J. McCormick, M. D., President, American Medical Association.*

class when it creates financial hardship for the individual or family."

And Clarke Smith, President of Royal-Liverpool Insurance Group, emphasizes that "Major Medical takes up where basic health plans stop."

The policies vary widely. Some pay a maximum of $2,500, others $5,000, $7,500 or $10,000, but all have a top limit. The maximum may apply to any one illness or the total payable in one policy year.

Like most automobile collision insurance, Major Medical comes with a "deductible"—that is, it pays no small claims. It if did, the cost would be prohibitive and it would duplicate protection by the basic plans. The deductible is the minimum amount which the policy holder himself must pay before coverage takes effect. It usually runs from $100 to $500, or is adjusted to the income of the insured. Most policies require the insured to foot part of the bill, usually 20 to 25 per cent, to prevent demand for excessive services. The insurance people call this "co-insurance."

Take Ed Salter, window trimmer in a small New York State town. Ed was in business for himself. At 44 he had expanded so he could employ an assistant. He also took out a Major Medical policy with $300 deductible, $2,500 maximum and 75-25 percent co-insurance.

That was on September 7, 1951. Next January 22, Ed was moving his business to a new location when he was struck with a coronary thrombosis. He was in the hospital for 61 days. His bill read:

Room and board, $774; medical consultant's fee, $545; drugs, operating room and other hospital charges, $491.85; private nurses, $2,395; total bills, $4,205.85.

Ed was covered for 75 per cent of his expenses, but after deducting his $300 deductible, this still came to more than his $2,500 maximum. So $2,500 was the payoff.

Major Medical does not pay for cases covered by workmen's compensation. It doesn't cover most dental work and certain cosmetic surgery. Some policies require that an illness, to be covered, must begin while the policy is in force. Others specify only that expenses be incurred while the policy is effective.

Conforming to the common belief that the poor and the rich can best cope with the cost of severe illness, Major Medical was first designed mostly for $4,000 to $10,000-

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a-year families. True, this group may need it worst: its breadwinners make too much money to get charity except in extreme cases; and they often make too little to cover what basic plans won't pay. But as researchers dig deeper for medical statistics never before compiled, they find that the poor and the well-to-do are not so well off, either.

"There are a tremendous number of people in this country who have surgery performed shortly after they obtain insurance protection," says A. M. Wilson of Liberty Mutual, pioneer in Major Medical insurance. "This supports the belief that people are postponing needed medical care because they haven't the price."

The well-to-do, on the other hand, pay extra for medical care because of their affluence. When Prudential surveyed 5,600 employees, it discovered that costs of severe illness for the $10,000 to $15,000 income group was double that of the $5,000 to $7,500 bracket.

So there is good reason for all but the very rich to study Major Medical. Unfortunately, it is still harder to buy for individuals than for groups. Physical examinations usually are not necessary, but applications must give a health history and if they are not "standard risks," the policy probably won't be issued. This should eventually change, but Major Medical is so new that companies won't take a chance on individuals who aren't in good shape when they buy a policy. Most companies also won't sell the insurance to individuals over 60 or 65, though some policies are renewable to age 70.

Cost of the insurance varies drastically, depending on the amount of deductible, maximum payment, terms of coverage, number and age of persons in a family, whether it's an individual or a group policy and, in the case of group policies, how much the employer may contribute. Rates range from $6 to $85 a year for individuals, from $20 to $175 for families.

Sears, Roebuck and Co., which provides Major Medical for employees, charges 35 cents every four weeks for a policy with $5,000 maximum per illness. The policy includes 75-25 per cent co-insurance and a deductible of five per cent of an employee's annual income (but no lower than $200 and no higher than $500).

Sears employees are lucky: their company studied Major Medical early and provided a low-cost plan. Many companies are likely to follow suit, especially when more employees find out about the plan. Meanwhile, most American families can buy individual policies for about $50 to $100 annually.

Major Medical policies are complicated. But it is worth your time to study them because they give considerable protection against medical emergencies. They are the biggest help when help is needed most. Present plans are hardly the last word on the national problem of dealing with the cost of medical care, but they are the best answer that we have available now.

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Scientists are working overtime to solve a serious global problem

What's Happening to Our Water Supply?

by JOSEPH C. KEELEY

SOME FOUR YEARS ago an Arabian sheik was ceremoniously handed a container of water. He looked at it closely, took a tentative sip, drained the cup. Then, turning to the group around him, His Highness Sheik Abdulla al Salim al Subah, ruler of Kuwait, asked many questions.

And well he might, for the Sheik was taking part in an event as dramatic as any tale from the Arabian Nights. Facing him was a strange array of tanks and tubes, and far beyond stretched the Persian Gulf. The waters of the Gulf, he knew, were as salty as those of the ocean, yet he had just drunk of those waters and what he tasted had no trace of salt. Somewhere in that twisting maze of pipes, an amazing feat of magic had been performed.

The magicians in this case were engineers, British and American. To get fresh water for the workers and plant of the Kuwait Oil Company, owned by the Gulf and Anglo-Arabian companies, they had just put into operation a huge distillation plant made by Westinghouse Electric International. By means of its six evaporator units, enough Persian Gulf water was processed to supply a daily flood of 720,000 gallons of fresh water.

Hearing the engineers describe their achievement, the Sheik pondered. He thought of the way the wells of Kuwait had long since stopped yielding anything but brackish water, and how it was necessary to bring water in by ship, with merchants peddling it from goatskins carried by donkeys and camels. He thought of the value of this water, in a land where the temperature often soared to 167 degrees.

With these thoughts in mind, he spoke to officials of the oil company and from them got an agreement which let his people have 120,000 gallons of precious distilled water every day. But good as that was, he knew it wasn't enough for 150,000 Kuwaitis. So he called in the men who knew how to turn salt water

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into fresh—Westinghouse engineers and representatives of the British consulting firm of Ewbank & Partners. From his negotiations came a contract for ten huge evaporators, to supply 1,250,000 gallons daily.

Thinking of the Kuwaitis in their sunbaked country, Americans may be inclined to feel sorry for them. However, save some of your pity. You may need it for yourself. The fact is, our own country's water supply is not any too ample, and it is rapidly becoming less!

Last year the danger signs multiplied for millions of Americans. They saw their wells go dry, and their reservoirs drop to dangerously low levels. In many cases they had to curtail the use of water; in some cases they had no water at all. They saw crops and animals sacrificed to the drought, and the most unfortunate of the sufferers saw the rich top-soil of their farms blow away to leave desert-like dust bowls.

How can such a thing happen in a country which is so liberally blessed with lakes and streams, and which has an annual average rainfall of 30 inches? The main trouble is that this rainfall is not evenly distributed. Along the Pacific Northwest coast, precipitation runs to about 120 inches, while parts of the arid Southwest get less than five. To complicate matters, industry, agriculture—and people—have been concentrating in areas where water supplies are far from adequate.

As though this were not enough, man has consistently crossed up nature. One reason why our rainfall doesn't do us as much good as it should is because of the way we have stripped our country of protective cover. The result is that, instead of being absorbed into the earth, to be released gradually as needed, rain and melting snow wash off rapidly, causing floods and further eroding the land. Man has also transgressed by polluting large and small bodies of water, so they cannot even be used for bathing, let alone drinking.

However, while our water supply is not what it should be, it is the growing demand for water which has the experts worried. Few people realize how much water we use in our daily lives. Thinking in terms of an occasional drink, washing and bathing, laundry and cooking, many people would probably estimate that two or three gallons should suffice. Others, aware that the flushing of a toilet takes from five to six gallons, might give a higher figure.

All of them would be wrong. New York City reports that its immense network of reservoirs pours water into the metropolis at a rate of 130 gallons daily for every man, woman and child. Chicago says it requires 240 gallons, and Los Angeles reaches out for hundreds of miles to get 170 gallons daily for everyone living there.

And yet, even these figures are short of actual consumption. This country is using 185,000,000,000 gallons of water daily—*1,150 gallons for every man, woman and child.* And

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

"Do It Yourself"—a special 24-page feature, complete with pictures and diagrams, showing how you can redecorate your home yourself and save money.

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these figures do not include water used for hydro-electric power.

It takes unbelievable quantities of water to make many of the things we consume. A ton of steel requires 65,000 gallons. Each barrel of petroleum takes 18.33 barrels. A ton of aluminum calls for 320,000 gallons, and a ton of synthetic rubber requires 600,000.

From this, it is evident that unless heroic measures are taken not just to conserve water but to augment present supplies, we are in for serious trouble.

OUR UNDERGROUND reserves are made up of water that percolated down through the soil till it reached water-tight rock. It is this water that feeds wells and springs, and keeps our streams going during dry spells. It is this water, too, that supplies most American cities with drinking water.

No one knows exactly how much underground water we have in this country, but we do know that we have "mined" it to a dangerous degree. This is apparent from a study of the nation's water table, or level of underground water, and it is reflected in the way individuals, industries and communities have had to dig deeper to get adequate supplies.

The situation is particularly acute in the Southwest where rapid population growth, increase in irrigation acreage, and influx of industries have combined to make this an emergency area. The U. S. Geological Survey reports that in some California counties, the ground-water level has dropped to more than 400 feet. From Texas to the Pacific coast, there has been an average drop of 40 feet in the past 13 years. And in Arizona, the level has been dropping five feet a year.

It is not just the Southwest that is in trouble. Parts of the East have serious problems. Underground supplies in the Mississippi and Ohio River Valleys, as well as in the Piedmont, are being drained faster than they are being replenished. On many farms, wells go dry during the summer, and water has to be hauled for long distances. In Virginia, Georgia and North Carolina, the need for water is outdistancing the supply. Wells must be drilled deep, but even so they are not as dependable as shallow wells used to be.

Obviously, the problem has leaders in government and industry worried. There are solutions, but they are usually expensive and time-consuming. One is a long-range program of conservation, to provide cover for denuded lands and thereby give nature a chance to hold back the water till it is needed. Another is a vast coordinated program to prevent further pollution of lakes and rivers, and to clean up those we have been using as open sewers.

Industry, too, must work out a plan of making the most out of the water available, by preventing waste. And more reservoirs will have to be built, not just to supply water but for flood-control and power development.

Meanwhile, what can be done? Possibly the answer is indicated by the story of the Sheik. To be sure, 1,250,000 gallons of water daily is a mere drop in America's water bucket, but don't be surprised if, one of these days, you see huge plants be-

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ing built along our coasts to get fresh water out of the ocean.

Actually, that's where we get most of our fresh water anyway. Covering three-fourths of the earth, the ocean serves as a big receptacle whose brine is distilled into pure water by solar energy. All we have to do is go nature one better, by turning the water of the ocean into fresh water *and* putting it where it is needed.

The primary problem facing the scientists is not just to discover ways of making fresh water out of salt but to find out how to do it cheaply. Any system developed will have to compete with established prices for water as it is provided by nature and transported to our towns and cities. And how much is that? According to the American Water Works Association, the production cost of a million gallons ranges from $22 to $339 in 355 American cities.

To get water out of the ocean at such prices is obviously a large order, but something is being done about it. Specifically, the 82nd Congress passed a law "to provide for research into and development of practical means for the economical production, from sea or other saline waters, of waters suitable for agricultural, industrial, municipal, and other beneficial consumptive uses, and for other purposes."

Implementing this, it authorized $2,000,000 to be spent over a five-year term, and an Office of Saline Water Research was set up in the Department of the Interior to handle the program, with technical assistance from the Geological Survey and the Bureaus of Mines and Reclamation. For the first year's work, Congress appropriated only $125,000. Work progressed so rapidly that an additional $50,000 was authorized. For the year 1954, the full $400,000 quota was approved.

So that no possibilities will be overlooked, a great many research programs are under way. In all these, energy is of key importance, since all methods of obtaining fresh water from saline require energy of some sort. The scientists are therefore considering waste heat from industrial processes, solar energy, tidal energy, chemical energy, wind power, atmospheric heat, electromotive force, wave energy and nuclear fission. The last is glossed over in official reports because of its present cost. However, at some future time, atomic power may give us all the water we need for personal use, to grow the things we eat and to make the things we require.

Crisply Coolidge

DURING President Coolidge's term of office, a group of Amherst graduates resident in Europe asked him, as their most distinguished classmate, to send a cable message, collect, to be read at their class reunion in Madrid.

When the Master of Ceremonies rose and announced that a cable had been received from the President of the United States, the applause was deafening, the guests pushed back their chairs and turned to the speaker's table expectantly.

The MC read the following message: "Greetings. Calvin Coolidge."

—LEWIS C. HENRY, *Humorous Anecdotes About Famous People* (Garden City Books)

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These women don't know how to live and love

"NICE GIRLS" Are Dangerous

by ANNE FROMER

NEIGHBORS OF Jim and Irene, who lived on a pleasant street in suburban Philadelphia, were shocked and incredulous. Irene had suddenly left Jim and gone home to her mother.

Back-fence gossip harped on the one aspect that surprised everybody: "Irene was *so* devoted to Jim and the children—such a *nice* girl. Now if it had been the Browns, I could understand . . . they're always arguing with each other."

The neighbors enumerated Irene's other virtues. How she kept her house spotlessly clean—in fact, she seemed to be forever dusting and tidying up. Her devotion to the children went so far that she walked them across the street when they went to play in the park, long after other children of their age had learned to cross safely.

When civic problems stirred the suburb and neighbors held indignation meetings and circulated petitions, Irene did not join in. She simply locked such annoyances deep within herself.

When Jim fell ill, Irene nursed him. It meant working almost to exhaustion, because she did not, even in this emergency, skimp her meticulous housework or the care of her children. But she never complained, never allowed herself a single outburst against accumulating tensions.

By certain standards—to some extent by any standard—Irene was a good wife; self-sacrificing, hard-working, conscientious, genuinely striving for what she conceived to be best for her husband and children. Why, then, did Irene, living in the environment of an average young married woman in 20th-century America, arrive at a crisis that made that life break down?

Hers is not an unusual case. For the number of times that she can be multiplied is a matter of cold statistics. In the U. S. today, there is one divorce for every four new marriages. But these figures do not begin to tell the full story of the amazing extent to which women are finding it impossible to cope with normal life in 1954.

Only recently has serious scru-

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tiny been turned on the problem. One man in particular, Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, noted medical scientist who has been Professor of Psychiatry and Neurology at Albany Medical College and who now holds the same position at McGill University, Montreal, has studied it extensively.

His most significant conclusion is that too many women today are still armed only with the emotional weapons of a century ago. Yet they must cope with a way of life which technological advances and new concepts of human relationships have changed completely.

Life today, whether we like it or not, is lived in a noisy, bustling, crowded world—a world in which there are people of goodwill and aggressive people playing for higher stakes than ever before. It is a world in which, literally, change has become the inevitable, rather than the exceptional way of life—change of job, of home and neighbors, of things we wear and see and entertain ourselves with.

But perhaps the greatest change during the past century has been in the activities of women themselves—in their work, their outlook, their very thinking.

HOW, DR. CAMERON demands, can this life be lived successfully by a woman whose code of human relations, behavior and propriety is compounded of all the ingredients of Victorian "niceness"—a girl who has been brought up to believe, quite as a matter of course, that nice girls "always do this," or "never do that"?

In the case of the Philadelphia couple, Dr. Cameron insists, it was not *despite* the fact that she was a nice girl who never complained, but precisely because she *was*, that an average suburban life, 1954 model, became more than she could bear. As a child, she was never rude, she didn't squabble with her playmates, never told lies or stamped defiantly through puddles. She went to her mother promptly when called and always did as she was told.

Irene went through adolescence, calm and serene. The usual joys and sorrows of loves and crushes were not part of the design for living laid down by her mother. When her friends griped against their parents, their teachers and one another, Irene walked away.

Her training, the mother felt, was designed to give the girl poise and self-possession. Lectures which started with the Victorian "children should be seen and not heard" progressed into "nice girls don't complain; they keep things to themselves."

That "suffer-in-silence" training was, in fact, the key to Irene's final explosion. It was inevitable that the person her upbringing produced would find herself in repeated conflict with the world of reality; and all the frustrations, all the tensions her Victorian soul encountered, built up day by day. Even so primitive a measure of relief as an outburst of temper, or some hearty indignation, was not available to Irene.

"We know now," Dr. Cameron comments, "that to talk things out, to get things off our chest, is a mechanism of the first importance. The girl who must keep her problems to herself has lost, or never acquired, that healthy regulating

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function and is all the more likely to break down."

The man Irene married soon after she graduated from high school —before she had had any opportunity to rub off the veneer of her mother's rigid pattern—was an average normal male who considered home a place where he could read his newspaper, toss it aside, tell a sympathetic wife about his business troubles and listen while she let off steam about her own problems.

Irene listened quietly to Jim's recital, but made no complaints or comments of her own. In fact, her sole reaction was to bend wearily, pick up the newspaper, fold it neatly and put it where it belonged.

In order to adapt herself to her new life of marriage, Irene had set up rigid standards and procedures to replace the stereotyped mold in which her mother had set her. She kept her house ordered to the point of fanaticism; her two children were brought up on practically a minute-by-minute schedule.

Unfortunately, her family would not fall into the pattern she set for them. Her husband wanted to relax, to talk; the children spattered their food, cried when their schedule called for them to be asleep.

Petty annoyances that most women take in stride? The fact is that not nearly as many women *do* take such things in stride as they may think. The things that annoy and literally wound them may differ widely, but the point is that even the most trivial frustration, if persistent, can be dangerous if it remains something with which a woman has never been trained to cope, and to which she cannot react in a normal, healthy, adult way.

Recent surveys indicate that perhaps as many as half the women who seek medical advice today have nothing physically wrong with them and seem to be subject to no greater mental strains than Irene. The prevalent symptoms of inability to live with today's way of life are quite commonplace and unromantic.

"Doctor, I'm edgy, jittery; I have scary feelings. I can't sleep. I'm so stupidly sensitive I cry over the least thing. Any little annoyance gets me so upset I'm not fit to live with . . ."

Just what *is* wrong with Irene and her sisters? Dr. Cameron puts it this way:

"These women are the victims of 'pattern living.' That is, they have been taught that the only proper, decent and right way of life—terms which may be summed up in the word 'nice'—is to live according to a pre-ordained code, a social pattern of human relations which was laid down in Victorian days. It was a code which prescribed that things should be done in a given way because things were *always* done that way—not because they were the most reasonable or suitable and certainly not because they fitted the requirements of life in the middle of the 20th century."

At the time the way of life described by "pattern living" was developed, it was not wholly illogical. Social custom permitted women a much more circumscribed role. It was appropriate and comforting for

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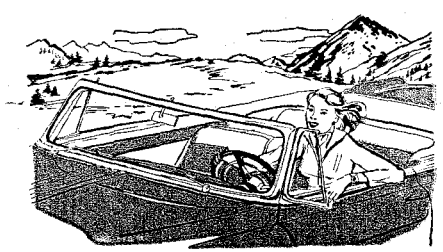
them to regard life as what Dr. Cameron calls "an interlude of trial and testing, an affliction temporarily to be borne.

"But the philosophy which made Victorian life bearable," he adds, "offers nothing in the present, when new motivations assert themselves in the ideal of humanism: that life is worth living for itself, that well and fully lived it brings its own satisfactions and justifications."

THE EARLIEST scientific approach to the problem of life's maladjustments made the cause simple: sex. But most modern social scientists now are convinced that the role of sex has been much exaggerated. According to Dr. Cameron, the major ingredients of successful marriage are the pleasure of living together, the sharing of mutual past experiences and the enjoyment of continuing partnership in home and children, in an atmosphere of warmth and understanding.

Certainly in exceptional cases, the complete failure of a sexual partnership can cause unhappiness and tension, but it is now felt that the relegation of the specific sex factor to no more than its rightful importance is a necessary step towards solving what is one of America's most pressing social problems.

In the Philadelphia case, sex was not the major factor. In fact, sexual compatibility was one of the few points of agreement in a marriage which gradually became more and more unbearable to Irene. In the end, because her husband and children could not or would not fit themselves into the mold she had set, the annoyances of their deviations built up to a point where she fled to the old familiar safety she had always lived by—her mother's home.



Let us return to that other family on the Philadelphia suburban street—the one about which the neighbors said, in discussing Irene's troubles, "Now if it had been the Browns, I could understand . . . they're always arguing with each other."

The Browns are still going their happy, turbulent way. Why? Because Mrs. Brown had not been reared to pattern living. She had not been "brought up"—she had been allowed to grow up in an atmosphere of love and belonging, to make her own mistakes—and, within reason, her own decisions.

In a nutshell, treated always as a person, she had grown up to think and to reason and to talk things out. She was trained for what Dr. Cameron calls "adaptive living." Consequently, when pressures beset her marriage, she thought the problems through and discussed them with her husband reasonably but emphatically and satisfactorily.

The losing struggle to live in a world of change pursues the victim of pattern living throughout her unhappy life. Her attitude is scarcely more adult than when she was wholly dependent on her mother, economically as well as emotional-

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ly. Dr. Cameron describes her attitude as: "I don't want the neighbors to talk about me. I'll be a nice girl. I'll be home early. I'll wait until I'm asked and never be forward. I'll do what I'm told. I'll never complain . . ."

TAKE THE CASE of Melita, a pretty little bank cashier who is known to her fellow employes as "Miss Careful." She is meticulous and conscientious in her work to an extreme. She almost always is the last person in the bank, checking and double-checking her books. The others kid her about the fluster she gets into when her balance is off a few cents.

Melita's misfortune was brought about by the attitude of *both* her parents. This attitude, as in most cases of parents who pass on to their children the stifling malady of pattern living, was not meant to be harmful.

The parents ran a small store, worked in it all day and late into the night. In order to clothe, feed and educate their children, they did not have time to talk to or play with them. All their conversation at home was about the shop, about stocks and discounts and mark-ups. They practically never enjoyed picnics or shows or having friends in for an evening.

The parents passed on to Melita a way of life based on endless clichés: "It's better to be safe than sorry." "Look before you leap." "A stitch in time saves nine."

Brought up on such maxims, Melita chose the safe and permanent kind of employment that a bank provides. She always ate in the same drugstore, at the same hour, on the same stool. Her home life was ordered in much the same precise manner.

The first major break in Melita's pattern of living came when she fell in love with Joe, a big, easygoing boy from a very different type of family. Melita was undoubtedly in love, as she understood it, but the emotion troubled and disturbed her. Joe would call up, unexpectedly, to say he had gotten hold of a couple of tickets to a concert—even though he "knew that Thursday night was the night I always wash my hair and launder my lingerie."

Joe, too, loved taking her out with the crowd. Melita hated crowds. She felt embarrassed and insecure among strangers.

As their wedding day approached, Melita found herself getting not happier and happier, but more and more apprehensive. Two weeks before the date, she fainted at her desk. At the hospital to which she was taken, diagnosis resulted in her being placed on Dr. Cameron's clinic list.

The real tragedies of pattern living come with marriage and motherhood. In a sense, what these nice girls do to their husbands and children is a repetition of what their own mothers did to them. Having become tense, insecure wives, they perpetuate the whole tragic cycle by once more producing pattern-living children.

Pattern living is something familiar to lean against in a world of uncertainty. Pattern-livers find refuge in the hidebound repetition of thoughts and deeds and actions. And once launched, pattern living becomes more and more a way of life. Influences outside the pattern

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do not become less annoying with time—one attack merely leaves the nervous system of the victim all the more vulnerable to the next attack.

What can be done about it?

Children must be allowed to *grow* up instead of being, in the narrow sense, *brought* up, Dr. Cameron replies. They should not be over-protected. If they are allowed to make their own mistakes, they will quickly learn from experience how to avoid them. If they are allowed to think for themselves, they will develop the ability to make decisions when problems arise.

It is true that a "nice" child is easy to live with, causes less trouble and anxiety than a normal child. "But," Dr. Cameron warns, "the model child cannot express more than a limited part of her personality—and it is now definitely established that such a human being is an unhealthy, incomplete person."

Faced with a new situation or problem, a pattern-liver gropes in a repertory of precedents for the solution. If a precept which meets the situation cannot be found, she retreats, accepting defeat and adding another wound to the accumulation of injuries which real life will endlessly continue to inflict.

On the other hand, a person brought up to the proposition that living presents constant problems which must and can be met and overcome, cheerfully tackles the problem, joyfully solves it—and moves on confidently to life's next inevitable challenge.

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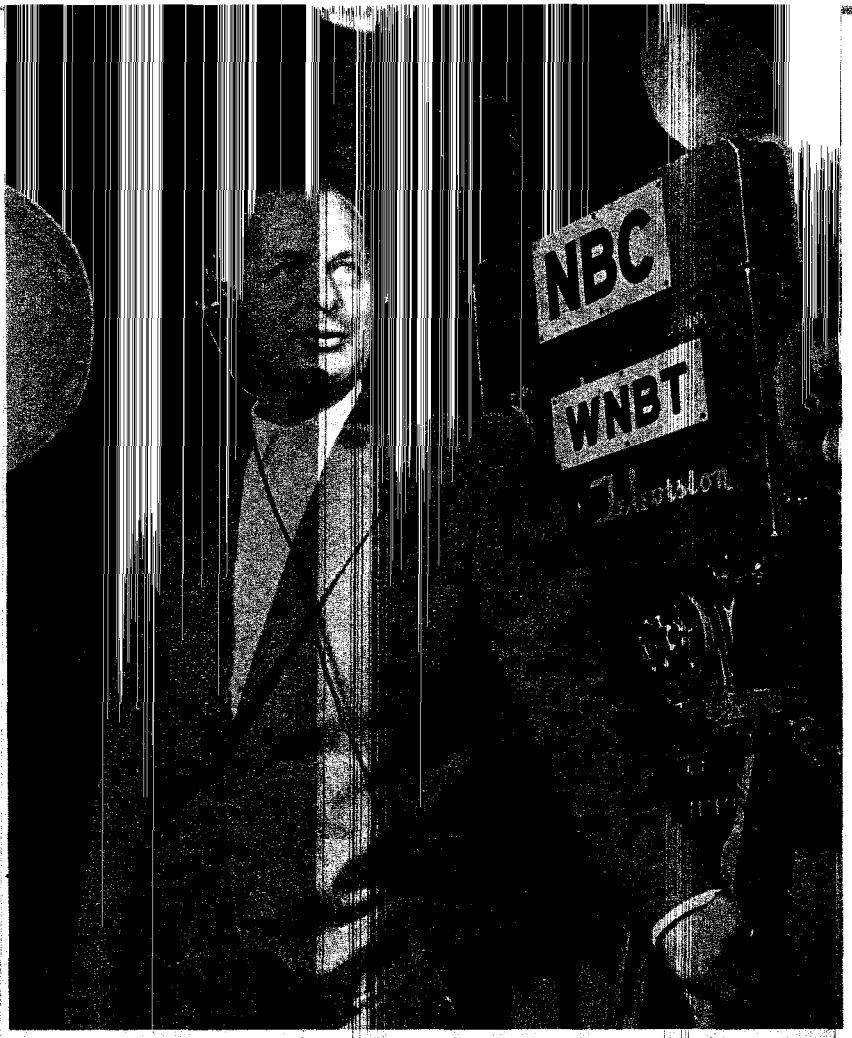

"Robert Montgomery Presents"

by SAM BOAL

THE MAIN CHARACTERS of the TV drama had been introduced, the mood established, and the story was beginning to unfold as one of the principal actors started to open a door. At this point, a soft voice broke into the action, grasping the audience like a large, off-screen hand.

"Don't open that door," the voice said, addressing the actor. "If you do, it will be the biggest mistake of your life. Behind that door is the one

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person in the world you don't want to meet. I warn you: don't open that door!"

Both that voice and that unusual television technique belong to Robert Montgomery, the film actor who was one of the few Hollywood screen stars ever to depart from the old formula movies and who, in his television show "Robert Montgomery Presents," is currently bringing to the TV screen one of the freshest talents in the business today.

Montgomery himself is modest about his unorthodox approach to television drama, but members of his staff and some of the stars who have played under his direction are considerably more talkative. Helen Hayes, for instance, regards Montgomery's innovations with something very near awe, and it may be said that very few things about show business produce anything approaching awe in Helen Hayes.

"If they say it can't be done on television," she told a friend recently, "Bob does it. It may be that he doesn't get really interested in a story until someone tells him it's impossible."

People in TV like to cite as an "impossible" play his production of John O'Hara's novel "Appointment in Samarra." The subject of the book is somewhat less than ideal for TV, and it is likely that no producer other than Montgomery would have attempted "Appointment," but he did. And it was both an audience success and an artistic triumph.

Many of Montgomery's tricks or techniques are so simple that viewers who do not understand the mechanics of television probably never notice them. Others are highly elaborate, involving intricate camera manipulation or set construction. But though the audience perhaps does not recognize the Montgomery touch, it would miss it if it were omitted. Take the case of the narrator device.

"The narrator," Montgomery explains, "heightens the drama. The man is about to enter the door.

Movie scripts and heroines might change, but Montgomery remained the playboy.

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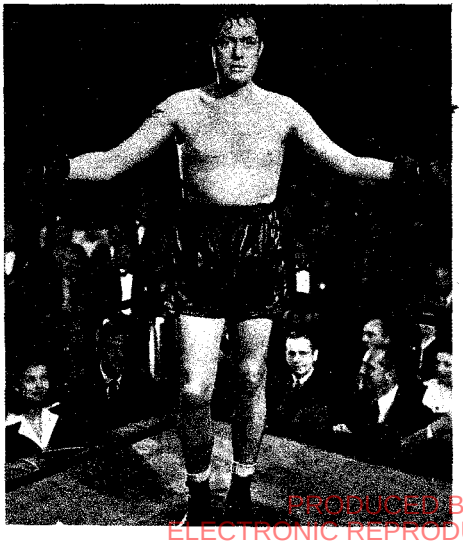
I, as the behind-the-scenes know-it-all, am able to tell the audience that the man shouldn't open the door and for a moment they wonder if he will. He does open it, of course, but the mere fact that my voice warned him not to, makes the opening of a door in itself not a very dramatic act, a thing of consequence."

There is no doubt that audiences like the tricks on "Robert Montgomery Presents" for it is one of the most popular of any of the hour dramatic presentations, and this in spite of the formidable competition.

Not only is Montgomery's show among the most popular of its kind but it is also one of the most ex-expensive. It costs Johnson's Wax and Lucky Strike, its sponsors, about $85,000 a week to produce, including the lavish touches which characterize a Montgomery-planned show.

Other directors sometimes say that Montgomery over-produces, spending money where it isn't necessary. If the script, for example, calls for a scene in a forest, a thrifty director can get by simply by shooting the actors close to a single tree. The tree more or less resembles a "forest." But if a Montgomery script calls for a forest, he gets a forest.

"Here comes Mr. Jordan" meant new role.



MONTGOMERY EARNS about $500,000 per year, which makes him the highest-paid actor-producer in the business. And he once calculated that about ten persons including himself spend their days—and part of their nights—thinking about the show, while about 290 others devote varying periods of their time to it. Thus, it takes some 300 people to place the 48 minutes of his television "hour" before its millions of viewers.

Montgomery's attempts to produce a "little better show" by means of all these innovations comes as no surprise to his friends. They point to his film career as an indication of his taste for the unusual.

When he first went to Hollywood, the producers saw before them a nice, clean-cut, affable young man —and proceeded to cast him as a nice, clean-cut, affable young man. His pictures in this role were successful, so the producers continued to cast him in the same part. He was always charming, always insouciant, always roguish.

Suddenly, Montgomery rebelled. He announced that he wanted to make "Night Must Fall," which had been a substantial Broadway hit. It didn't strike the producers as Montgomery fare since the part he was suggesting for himself was neither roguish, carefree nor delightful; in fact, the part was that of a psychopathic killer who carried his

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From playboy to psychopathic killer.

victim's head around with him in a bowling-ball bag.

Montgomery, who can turn off the charm almost as readily as he can turn it on, turned it off and staged a stubborn fight for "Night Must Fall," and, for reasons which still are not clear, the studio executives let him go ahead.

To the astonishment of everybody but Montgomery, the film was a box-office smash. It was one of the first "psychological" movies, and today is regarded as an indisputable screen classic.

Handed his next picture, something with the word "Playboy" in its title, Montgomery again rebelled. He wanted, he explained, to make a picture called "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," a fantasy, part of which took place in Heaven. "Mr. Jordan" was another smash hit, and one of the finest comedies Hollywood ever made.

Montgomery next proposed making a picture in which the camera itself would be the leading man. Its lens would be his eyes and the audience would see what he saw.

This technique, Montgomery airily admitted, was slightly experimental but the idea was far from attractive to studio executives. They howled "No" with a unison rare for Hollywood. Montgomery threatened to get independent backing and they smiled. He said he would find a distributor, and they laughed. He declared he would form his own company, and they slapped their thighs in merriment.

Meanwhile, Montgomery kept shooting tests with his new camera device, learning its technique. He sent samples of his work to the studio executives and he found their hilarity calming down to skepticism which in turn blossomed into open-mindedness. It wasn't long before they were showing considerable interest.

At this point, World War II interrupted Montgomery's film career and he went into the Navy. After the fighting, he returned to civilian life and made his camera-starring "Lady of the Lake." But the prospect of further movies, even unorthodox ones, seemed unexciting.

It was then that TV came to his attention. As a new medium of entertainment it had an immediate fascination for him. He poked

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around the studios, studied the technicians, sat endless hours before a receiver. "Robert Montgomery Presents" was the result.

Later he added to his busy schedule a radio commentary program called "A Citizen Views the News." He especially attacked Communists in labor unions, and several times his life was threatened. The police department of New York City assigned plainclothesmen to guard him but Montgomery played elaborate games to elude them. The program won him a Freedom Foundation Award in 1952, "for outstanding contributions to a better understanding of the American way of life."

On the basis of his preparatory observations of the medium, Montgomery realized that TV should not be either a kind of movie-in-the-home or a kind of radio-with-pictures. Technically, for instance, TV has probably surpassed films already. Its stories sometimes are not so good, but he knows that they can be improved.

One of his favorite pastimes is to gather with his staff and finish a sentence beginning: "TV today is not as good as it could be, and the way to make it better is. . . ."

"There is only one cardinal rule in the business of entertainment and that is that entertainment must constantly improve," he said recently. "There are only five components of a TV show: the writer, the director, the cast, the technicians and the audience. Where we fall down is with writers.

"A good novelist or dramatist or film writer cannot make the TV transition easily. We all know that the story is always the most important thing on a TV drama, but it has to be a TV story.

"You'd think a man writing for television would have sense enough not to show an actor lolling around on a beach in shorts, and 13 seconds later have that same actor dancing somewhere in white tie and tails. But they do it.

"You'd think writers would take advantage of our marvelous tech-

War broadened Montgomery's horizons.

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Montgomery is thoughtful, precise and unequivocal in his ideas and opinions, whether at a TV-story conference or testifying at Congressional hearings.

nical advances. We can now put two actors in a studio taxi and by backscreen projection have that taxi appear to be rolling through the streets of any city in the world. We can put actors to climbing the Matterhorn or inspecting the Taj Mahal. Yet few of the stories submitted make use of our new skills.

"The plain fact is that TV consumes stories so voraciously that the few writers with a knowledge of the business cannot hope to supply the demand."

It is not characteristic of Montgomery to pose a problem without having an answer, and he has an answer to this one, too. His idea is a simple one: he wants TV networks to train writers just as actors or technicians are trained.

He proposes that network executives do what other businessmen do: draw from schools and colleges those youngsters who show aptitude for TV writing, hire them as students and pay them while they learn. So far, no studio has embraced his notion, but he hasn't advanced it formally. He has suggested it casually and can now afford to sit back and wait.

AT 50, Robert Montgomery looks like a man who can afford to sit and wait. He still retains the charming roguishness which was almost his trademark in his early film days.

His face is still that of an old baby, though the years have added a few lines to it, which is probably all for the best since the handsome face of Bob Montgomery, perennial juvenile, was perhaps just a little too handsome to be true.

He maintains his fervent interest

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in clothes, and tailors or groups of men's style experts are constantly naming him as one of somebody's ten best-dressed men. But whereas in his younger days he was known for his pork-pie hat, he now strides through the NBC studios in a conservative Homburg.

Like other middle-aged men, he has cut out drinking at lunch. His reason is the same as theirs and just as unromantic: luncheon cocktails make him sleepy.

Montgomery refuses to carry cigarettes in his pockets because he thinks they destroy the cut of his suits and is continually shaking his friends down for smokes. Sometimes, they object to this unending handout. Then Montgomery, slightly hurt, conspicuously goes around for a day or two carrying an open pack in his hand, offering everyone a cigarette.

Recently, Montgomery has managed to combine his interest in politics (a hangover from his days as a news commentator) with his abilities as an actor. He now has as an acting student no less a figure than President Eisenhower.

It had been noticed that the President's TV technique was awkward, and since Montgomery was anxious to aid the President in any way he could, Eisenhower asked him to act as instructor. Montgomery agreed and now, before each national telecast, he helps the President with his delivery.

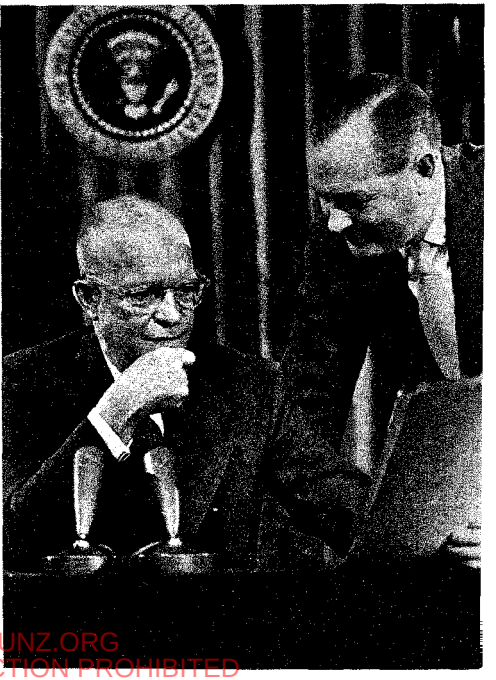
Presidents Roosevelt and Truman always delivered their "fireside" addresses seated behind a White House desk. For Eisenhower, Montgomery devised a new position—the relaxed, in-front-of-the-desk stance. The President seems highly satisfied with the country's reaction to the change.

The Montgomerys have a New York apartment and a 400-acre farm at Millbrook, N. Y., which is where he prefers to stay. He dislikes attending parties in New York, except at the homes of friends. To many people he is still the symbol of dashing—if not flaming—youth; and he is tired of being regarded as a boy of 25 by strangers who probably mean well but are old enough to know better.

When he can, which is several days a week, he bundles his auburn-haired wife, Elizabeth, into a car and drives out to Millbrook.

Friends have been known to show some hesitation about accepting a motor lift from Montgomery, remembering his daredevil days as a volunteer ambulance driver during the Nazi invasion of France and his

His advice improved Ike's technique.



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uninhibited handling of PT boats in the Pacific. They need not fear, however, for he satisfies his urge for speed in organized sports-car races and usually takes to the highways in a conventional station wagon.

The Montgomerys, characteristically, designed their house, refusing offers of help from several friends who are architects. Montgomery drew up most of the plans himself and one of the rooms he designed became a hobby room.

This talent so impressed his wife that for a housewarming gift she presented him with a complete, almost endless, set of tools which she carefully hung in the hobby room. Montgomery has so far declined to do so much as to hammer a nail to hang a picture, though sometimes he gingerly fingers one of the tools or flips the switch on a power drill and listens to it moodily. He seems happiest when his oak workbench is covered not with wood whittlings but with empty canapé plates.

Although the place at Millbrook is technically a farm, Montgomery grows nothing on it but some flowers and a few vegetables. The rest is given over to deer, grouse and pheasants, and he likes to shamble over his land, shooting at the game.

The Montgomerys entertain considerably in the country but except for house guests from the city, his friends are largely his neighbors. Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, a nearby resident, often drops in casually. Such people could hardly be described as "farmers" but they are neighbors and as such Montgomery welcomes them.

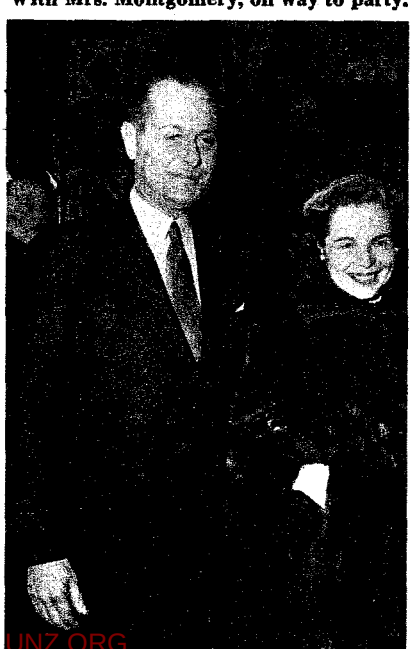
Last autumn, his 20-year-old daughter Elizabeth, who had been stagestruck most of her life, got a part in the Broadway production of "Late Love." Her father, whose love affair with the theater is somewhat less blind than most love affairs, took this turn of events philosophically. Even if he had wanted to point out the perils of show business to Elizabeth, he refrained. He felt the battle was doubly lost: for one thing, he himself was an actor, and for another, she is married to Fred Cammann, an assistant casting director on Montgomery's own show.

"As a matter of fact, she was wonderful," Montgomery says. "But after the opening I pointed out to her that in my day, many a young actress had asked me for advice about the theater but that she never had."

" 'Okay,' she said. 'Can you give a young actress some advice about the theater, Mr. Montgomery?'

"I guess we're two of a kind."

With Mrs. Montgomery, on way to party.



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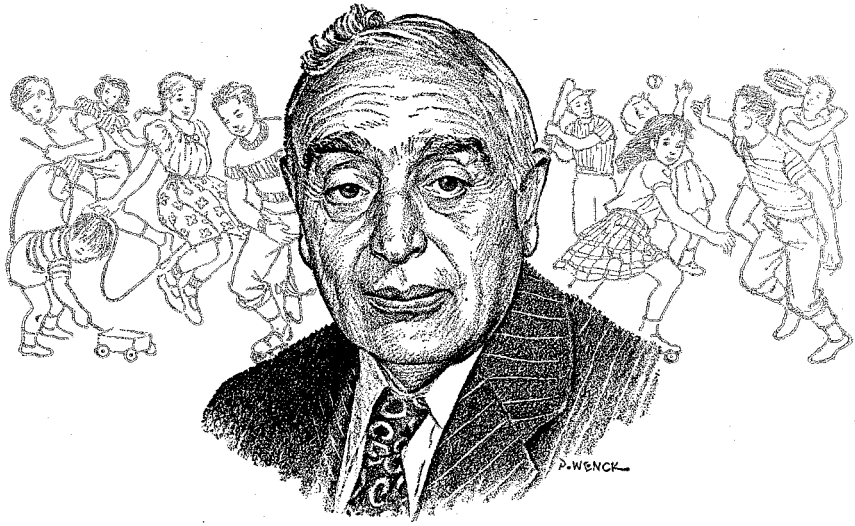

"Always for the Children"

by CAROL HUGHES

In these few words, Dr. Béla Schick sums up more than half a century of service

"PERHAPS IT REALLY is a million children I have treated over half a century as a pediatrician. Who knows?" Dr. Béla Schick says thoughtfully. He smiles, remembering. "Their little faces have become a blur through the years; but always it was the children—always I have been for the children."

Dr. Béla Schick is one of the greatest authorities today on children's diseases. He is, among other things, discoverer of the famous Schick Test for diphtheria immunization; and he not only helped coin the word *allergy* but is responsible in large measure for the great advances in diagnosis and therapy which have been made in that field.

Today, at 77, Dr. Schick has lived through the entire development of modern medicine: and hundreds of well-known doctors pay homage not only to his great medical knowledge but also to his ability as a teacher extraordinary.

"He is today an encyclopedia of medicine for all of us," says Dr. Samuel Karelitz, Director of Pediatrics at Long Island Jewish Hospital. "He has kept abreast of his profession—and often ahead of it—without nostalgia for the old or awe of the new. I have known him to

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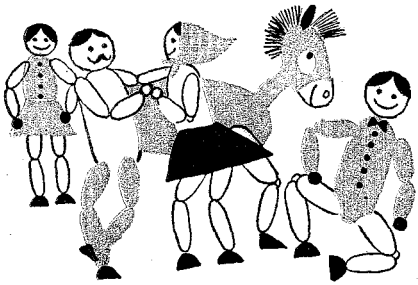

teach an entire afternoon with only three students, and do the finest and most conscientious job I ever saw."

Dr. Schick has little cause to stand in awe of anything in the realm of medicine. His 54 years of research, practice, diagnosis, teaching, have covered the span of wars, new theories, new cures, new drugs. He is exhilarated by these new forward steps, but with the wisdom of long experience he points out in that wonderful accent of his that is half mangled-Americanese, half old Vienna: "Nature is still a good doctor, and moderation is a good practice."

Literally millions of children around the world today can be grateful to this big, hulking, kindly man to whom every child is "Snookie" and each at the moment his own special treasure. Actually he is neither big nor hulking, being under average height, but gives that appearance due to his broad shoulders and massive-seeming frame.

Born in Boglar, Hungary, in 1877, the son of Jacob and Johanna Schick, Béla was one of five children. His father, a prosperous grain dealer, provided good educations for his three girls and two boys.

The little Béla always knew exactly what he wanted to do. "I knew all my life I would be a doctor," he says, "a doctor for the children." He graduated from Staats Gymnasium at Graz, Austria, in 1894, and six years later received his medical degree from Karl Franz University.

He was a good doctor, loved his work, progressed rapidly from interne through successive steps to professor, and in 1905 engaged in a serious research project with Clemens von Pirquet.

Together these two young men completed "a significant study which not only gave the *first* description of serum sickness but also established fundamental principles of *allergy*." The word the two doctors had coined for their discovery is now in worldwide use. Thus the brilliant young Schick, while still in his twenties, became a recognized leader in medical research.

The discovery for which he is most noted today, the Schick Test, was the result of years of labor. It came about, actually, while the two young doctors were working on an entirely different problem.

Von Pirquet was off on the trail of a tuberculin test and the two were intent upon this study when Schick decided the tuberculin test could be applied to other diseases, such as diphtheria.

Diphtheria at that time was the dread killer of childhood, taking an annual toll of thousands of little lives. The antitoxin, a horse serum then in use, while effective against the disease, was administered in such strength as often to make the sufferers violently ill.

Schick's off-shoot study produced something entirely different from their general aim, but something a

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lot more valuable—a simple, accurate test which showed whether or not a subject was vulnerable to diphtheria.

The discovery created a commotion in the medical world when it was announced in 1913. Like everything new in medical circles, it was received with some skepticism. But subsequent tests proved the young doctor right, and by 1920 the disease had been brought under almost complete control.

IN 1923, DR. SCHICK, then serving as Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Vienna, was invited to take over the post of pediatrician-in-chief at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. He accepted, and became one of only seven doctors up to that time admitted to practice in this country without taking new examinations. In fact, he received a research grant for a year.

Although the good doctor was inordinately proud of his English when he arrived in America, he nevertheless had an accent that was almost impossible to understand. He soon discovered, too, that some of the language spoken by Americans was not entirely clear to him. But he struggled to master it.

One day Dr. Karelitz was sitting with him in his office when the phone rang. To his utter amazement, the usually soft-spoken Dr. Béla let loose with a string of "good old cuss words that just wouldn't stop." With hair standing on end, Dr. Karelitz listened, knowing that the distinguished doctor had not the faintest idea of the real meaning of most of the words.

When Dr. Schick had finished and hung up, he turned to Karelitz with a pleased, benign expression and remarked, "You think he understands I do not care for him?"

Dr. Karelitz was certain of it.

"My Eng-glish is veree guut," Dr. Schick insists, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I taught it in Vienna."

But this is belied by what happened when he met Catharine Fries, a New York lawyer whom he later married. Miss Fries attended one of his lectures, and afterward came up and congratulated him upon his "beautiful English."

Dr. Schick laughs heartily as he admits: "My wife confessed later she never understood a word I said."

He smiles when his wife says: "In other countries where we have traveled, he has no trouble with languages—he speaks at least five."

The Schicks occupy a modest but pleasant apartment in the East 80's, filled with paintings and art objects from the countries they have visited. Mrs. Schick shares her husband's pride and joy in the office-nursery where he conducts his private practice. A veritable child's paradise, it has a wonderful collection of dolls from almost every country in the world, plus music boxes that play little children's ditties in half a dozen languages. There are toy soldiers, small chairs, teddy bears—everything to delight the mind and eye of a child and bear testimony to the love and affection this big man, childless himself, has for his little patients.

During his years in America, Dr. Schick has been associated in some capacity with most of the large New York hospitals: director of the Pediatric Division of Sea View Hospital; consulting pediatrician at the Willard Parker Hospital, the

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Beth Israel, and the New York Infirmary for Women and Children; and teacher and clinical professor of diseases of children at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. He has contributed many valuable studies to medical publications both in America and abroad.

He held his post at Mt. Sinai until reaching the retirement age of 65, and then was made a consultant there. But the word "retirement" is anathema to Dr. Béla. His spirit is "un-retireable." Now he is director of the Pediatric Department of Beth-El Hospital.

"It is not good to be quiet," he says contemptuously. "Loaf and die or *do something*. Why, when a man reaches his peak of knowledge, is still active and young in mind and spirit though 65 in years, must they pin a medal on him, give him a scroll, hand him his hat and show him the door?"

Retirement is not likely to trouble Dr. Schick, for it will never diminish his active devotion to his "little citizens" nor dull his keen mind for research. He is presently engaged with the very important problem of determining why the decline in the death rate of newborn children has not kept pace with the decline in maternal mortality.

Dr. Schick has received many awards, including the gold medal of the New York Academy of Medicine in 1938 and, recently, the American Pediatric Society's John Howland Medal for Distinguished Service to Pediatrics. Yeshiva University recently conferred an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters upon Dr. Schick and plans to establish a pediatric department in his name.

But even more gratifying were the book he received, signed by a million children, and a scroll on which were these words: "A TRIBUTE TO OUR BENEFACTOR: We, the children of the East Harlem Health Center district, express to you our grateful appreciation of all you have done for us. As the American pioneer in the war against diphtheria, you have won and deserve the love of children everywhere."

Here's Hope

I'M VERY depressed today. I lost my best friend—I broke my mirror.

I JUST LOVE the outdoors. If I'm not indoors, that's where you'll find me.

I'M GOING to have my salary sent directly to the government—that way we eliminate the middle man.

I WOULDN'T CALL Bing Crosby fat, but I'd hate to back him into a two-door garage on a foggy night.

I KNOW YOU can't take it with you, but I wish they'd leave me enough to get there.

—BOB HOPE

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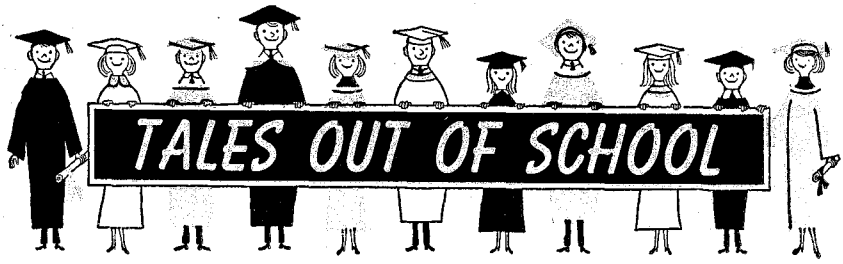

WHY WASTE a college education on high-school graduates who know everything anyway?

—*The Breckinridge Banner*, Hardinsburg, Ky.

A FIFTH-GRADE BOY was sent to the map during a current-events class to locate India. He found it with no trouble and then informed the class, "It's right on the 25-yard line." —*Nebraska Education News*

ONE OF THE DISADVANTAGES of a college education is that you usually end up on the payroll of a man who didn't have one. —O. A. BATTISTA

A NOT PARTICULARLY brilliant little boy came home one day, delighted to tell his parents that teacher said he was the best in the class. They were proud and impressed—until they asked what the class had been doing that afternoon. Said the lad, "We were practicing opening our mouths wide." —*Bluebird Briefs*

ASKED TO DEFINE "memory," one youngster replied, "The thing I forget with." —*National Parent-Teacher*

THE KINDERGARTENERS were discussing the large families they came from. One small boy, not to be outdone, announced that he too had a large family—a mommy, a dad, a little brother, a bird and about 20 fishes, adding: "And all of us are boys except my mother."

—MRS. HUGH W. COATES, *Christian Science Monitor*

AFTER A JUNIOR high-school class toured the White House, the teacher asked each student to write impressions of the visit. One boy wrote: "I was especially glad to have this opportunity to visit my future home."

CHILDREN START SCHOOL these days with a big advantage. They already know two letters of the alphabet—TV. —*Quote*

A PROFESSOR who had taught for many years was counseling a young teacher. "You will discover," he said, "that in nearly every class there is a youngster eager to argue. Your first impulse will be to silence him. I advise you to think carefully before doing so. He probably is the only one listening." —*Wall Street Journal*

MOST MOTHERS FEEL that the only time the behavior of their own children seems angelic is when it is contrasted with that of the kids they bring home from school.

—Davenport (Iowa) *Times*

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Nature has provided her living creatures with some startling means of locomotion

HOW DO THEY MOVE?

by **EDWIN WAY TEALE**

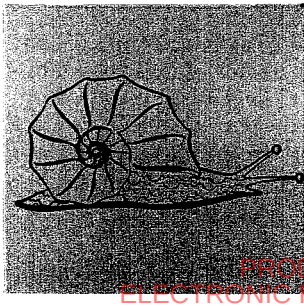
ONE SUMMER DAY a friend of mine, cutting a weedy strip at the back of his yard, noticed a movement in the grass at his feet. A shrew, a mouselike little creature with a stubby tail, was transporting her brood from the nest to a place of safety. Four baby shrews clung to the fur of her rump or to each other as she towed them through the grass like little sleds. Thus, in a living chain, the whole family made good its escape.

In getting about on and over and under the surface of the earth, living creatures employ surprising and frequently amazing methods of locomotion. They ride in bubbles. They walk tightropes. They drive themselves forward by jet propulsion. In their travels they build highways, dig tunnels, make bridges. Without using legs, some leap into the air. Without wings, some fly.

Across the stones and dewy leaves of my rock garden extend several thin, glistening ribbons—the highways of snails that have been traveling during the night. Highways they literally are. For whenever a snail advances, a gland at the forepart of its body pours out a steady flow of heavy, mucilaginous fluid, almost as though the front bumper of your car laid down an asphalt pavement.

Along its ribbon of lubricant, the snail advances by means of wavelike contractions of the muscles of the soft underside of the foot which is extended from its shell. Thus it rides ahead, constructing its highway as it goes, making the same speed—say, two inches a minute—irrespective of whether the surface is rough or smooth, whether it is traveling uphill or down.

As a snail constructs a highway, an earthworm makes a tunnel in order to advance. That other tunneler, the mole, literally swims through the earth with its powerful digging forelegs. But the worm has no legs at all. Instead, it advances



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with the aid of short, stiff bristles, hundreds, and sometimes more than 1,000, of them.

Each of the earthworm's innumerable segments is equipped with these bristles. They dig into the side of the tunnel and enable the worm, by contracting and expanding its segments, to force its way ahead. Incidentally, they also enable the worm to hang on when a robin tugs and jerks in an effort to drag it from its burrow.

When one of these worms comes to particularly hard earth, it may resort to another form of tunnel-making. It swallows the hard soil and lets it pass through its body to the rear. Thus it progresses by eating out a tunnel as it goes.

I turn to a shining thread of spider silk. Here is the tightrope span of a pioneer bridge-builder. Spinning out a light thread, as its kind has done for millions of years, the spider had let it float across on a breeze to become entangled with the twigs of another branch.

So light is spider silk that every rising current of air buoys it up. This fact permits millions of young spiderlings each year to travel on fabulous journeys in the sky, flying without wings sometimes for hundreds of miles.

Have you ever noticed on some late summer or early autumn day, toward sunset, how the western air seems to shimmer and shine with innumerable glints of light? You are seeing the gossamer threads of the spiderlings.

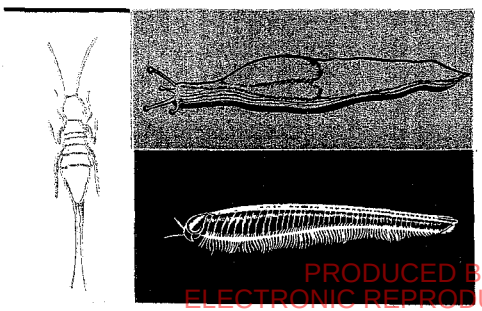
In the heat of the day, these arachnid balloonists spin the fine silken threads that are lifted on rising currents of heated air to carry their makers aloft and distribute them widely over the countryside. Sometimes ships far out at sea encounter the drifting spider silk.

These balloonists are not the only wingless creatures traveling through the upper atmosphere. The U. S. Department of Agriculture, some years ago, carried on exhaustive tests to discover the population of the air at different altitudes. Equipped with adhesive plates that could be opened or closed from the cockpit, planes made more than 1,300 flights, bringing down something like 30,000 insects from the sky. One spiderling was encountered at 15,000 feet.

A surprisingly large proportion of the creatures drifting around in the upper air were wingless midgets such as immature plant lice, small bugs and mites carried aloft by updrafts. The hairy, buoyant caterpillars of the gypsy moth are known to ride through the sky, supported by currents of air, for distances as great as 13 miles.

There is, unrealized by most people, a constant rain of life from the sky consisting largely of small voyagers making aerial journeys without benefit of wings.

Once, on the wild Hoh River in the rain forest of the Olympic Peninsula in Washington, I stopped to watch a slate-blue bird, a little smaller than a robin, flitting from rock to rock above the torrent. Suddenly the bird plunged from the



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edge of a rock into the tumbling, foam-flecked water. The sight was as astonishing as though a robin redbreast had dived like a kingfisher into a pond. Second after second went by. Then the bird popped up beside another stone, unruffled, carrying a white aquatic grub in its bill. This it ate. Then it began a long, rambling, beautiful song.

The bird was the famed water ouzel, or dipper. Even though it has no webbed feet for swimming, it plunges into the swiftest streams, using its wings and literally flying underwater or walking along the bottom, hunting its aquatic food.

BENEATH THE SURFACE of ponds, streams and the sea, some of the strangest oddities of locomotion of all are encountered. The bubble-ride of the black fly, for instance. This pest of the North Woods spends its earliest days as an aquatic larva in swift-flowing streams. It pupates under water and, within its submerged pupal shell, is transformed into a winged air-breathing adult.

How does it reach the surface and safety? A bubble of air provides the answer. The air distends the pupal shell, it splits open and the bubble, with the gauzy insect within it, rides upward through the rushing water. The instant this bubble-elevator touches the surface, it bursts. And just as it bursts, the fly makes a split-second getaway.

A jet plane streaks across the sky; a dragonfly nymph darts ahead among the waterweeds of a pond. These are seemingly unrelated events. Yet they have one thing in common—jet propulsion. Like squids in the sea, dragonfly nymphs have the ability to draw water into their bodies and then expel it suddenly toward the rear, thus driving themselves ahead in rocketlike spurts of speed.

Something akin to the whirling propellers of the airplane and boat is found in minute creatures too small for the human eye to see. They are the flagellates, the whip-bearing protozoa densely populating every patch of scum on a pond.

They move about with the aid of whirling, whiplike appendages. Some have these spinning whips at the rear, driving them ahead like the screw of a motorboat. Others have them in front, pulling them through the water in the manner of a plane with its propeller revolving at its nose.

Many creatures of the sea use curious methods of moving from place to place. Jellyfish advance with pulsations that resemble the opening and closing of an umbrella. Cockleshell mollusks move across the sea bottom in a series of leaps. They extend their single foot as far as possible from the shell, make it secure, and then in a sudden jerk pull themselves ahead.

Many creatures travel about with a minimum of effort by hitching rides. The remora, or shark sucker, not only travels but finds its food by attaching itself, with suction plates and spines, to the underside of a shark. It rides along until the shark makes a kill. Then it detaches itself, feeds on scraps of food floating in the water, reattaches itself and rides on to the next banquet.

The tiny larva of the oil beetle is an aerial hitch-hiker. Creeping up the stem of a flowering plant, it lurks among the petals until a wild

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bee alights in search of nectar. Then it quickly attaches itself to the hair on the bee's body and, clinging tightly, sails away to the bee's nest. Here it lets go, its free ride over.

In the bee nest, to which its instinctive cunning has led it, the larva finds just the food it needs and spends the rest of its immature life feasting.

The famed pouch of the kangaroo is Nature's de luxe equipment for painless transportation. During its earliest days in the pouch, a baby kangaroo is literally buttoned in place. As soon as it begins drinking its mother's milk, the teat swells within its mouth so it is impossible for it to let go or to be thrown out of the pouch by the jolting of its mother's leaping progress.

A kangaroo, on a single jump, may sail through the air for more than 30 feet. Yet in relation to its size, a curious little insect, the springtail, makes leaps that are far more amazing. These are performed without the use of legs.

Instead, the springtail employs one of Nature's most bizarre modes of locomotion. Its tail is formed of a stiff bristle which the minute insect bends over and secures in place in a kind of catch on the side of its body. Then it releases it suddenly, the spine straightens and the springtail catapults into the air like a rocket. Some species of this insect leap about over the water, taking off and landing on the surface film.

This invisible ceiling of ponds and streams, the surface film, supports the activity of many small creatures employing specialized forms of locomotion. Water-striders skate over it. Mosquito larvae hang from it. Marsh-measurers tread in slow-motion across it. Minute beetles creep about on its underside for all the world like flies walking on the ceiling of a room.

Many other creatures possess some special ability or equipment for getting about. The sloth of the tropical jungle is designed to spend its life hanging upside-down. The bright-eyed flying squirrel sails from tree to tree supported on the outspread membranes between its leg.

The centipede advances with movement flowing down its multitude of legs. Serpents walk on the ends of their ribs. Apes swing from branch to branch like athletes on flying rings in a gymnasium. And snowshoe rabbits bound over the drifts with the aid of hairy pads half a foot long.

Practically Proven

I READ SOMEWHERE that Americans take 19,000,000 sleeping pills every day, which is a heck of a lot of pills. Just as alarming is the rapid rise in the sale of pills to keep you awake. Pretty soon, if the trend continues, half of the people will be taking pills to bring on sleep and the other half taking pills to stay awake. All of which proves that Americans are never satisfied.

—EARL TUCKER in Thomasville, Ala., *Times*

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The USAF Band, through its cultural diplomacy, is winning friends for us abroad

Music from the AIR FORCE

by JAMES R. ASWELL

"IT IS A FORTUNATE idea to make an orchestra the ambassador of a nation. What the politicians with their sober minds seldom create, the United States Air Force Band succeeded in doing within a few minutes."

Thus editorialized the *Weser-muender Rundschau* following the August 6, 1953, concert of the 85-piece Air Force Symphonic Band in Bremerhaven, Germany, midway in its third postwar goodwill tour abroad. Sponsored by the State Department, the tours have won popular, official and critical acclaim nothing short of spectacular.

In Berlin and Heidelberg, civic authorities estimated that the American musicians attracted greater crowds than Hitler rallies in Nazism's palmy days. In Tangier, North Africa, the turn-out caused the densest traffic jam in that ancient city's history.

On the band's visit to Reykjavik last February, better relations between Icelanders and American servicemen stationed there were apparent immediately. For the time being, at least, Icelandic Communists ceased crossing streets to avoid American servicemen. At the end of the final concert, Ragnar Jonsson, president of the Icelandic Music Society, led the audience in an unprecedented *four* cheers.

Col. George S. Howard, conductor of the Band and director of Air Force musical activities, believes that one of the most striking tributes to the goodwill power of the musicians came from a Trieste Communist.

"Before our 1950 concert in Trieste, we had a few qualms," says Howard, a mild-spoken man given to understatement. "It was an open secret that Party goon-squads had been ordered to appear in force before Castello San Giusto, the concert site, armed with leather-lunged slogans, defunct cats and fruit and vegetables of extreme age."

Nevertheless, the band went through its program. Uproar was expected, and uproar there was. Only it turned out to be surges of applause, not decayed fruit and jeering. The Band played half a dozen encores. Then hundreds of Triestini swarmed around the bandsmen, wanting to shake hands or kiss the astonished Americans.

Col. Howard noticed a squat,

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hard-looking customer doing a line plunge through the crowd.

"He struggled to within a couple of feet of us," the Colonel recalls. "I never saw so many conflicting emotions dogfighting across one set of cast-iron features. Then, stabbing up a clenched-fist salute, he bellowed, 'That was marvelous—you swine!' "

THE OBERBÜRGERMEISTER of Heidelberg voiced the reaction the Air Force Band has met from Reykjavik to Tangier, from Vienna to Bordeaux, when he said, "In your music you speak in a language we all understand."

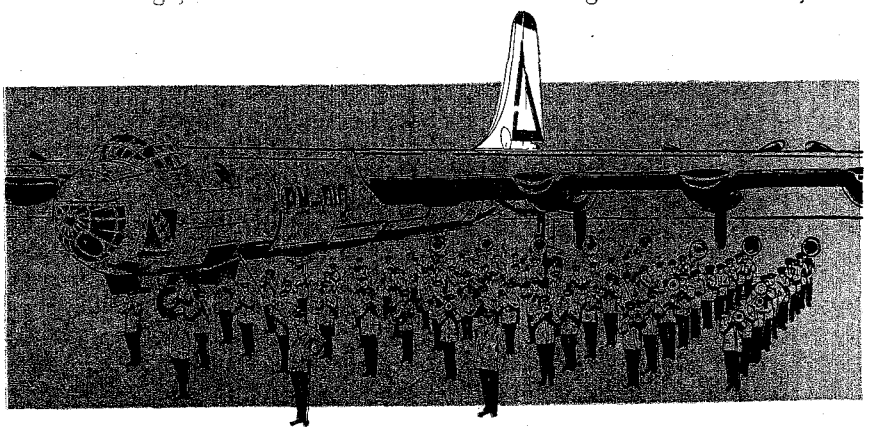
"Everywhere we go," Col. Howard reports, "our rooms are choked with flowers. People send us cigarette lighters, porcelain figurines and vases, small family treasures of many kinds. We get hundreds of notes of thanks. Most gifts come anonymously. Almost never is a note signed."

Howard, conductor since 1944, is from Reamstown, Pennsylvania. He graduated with honors from Ithaca College, then attended Ohio Wesleyan University, the Chicago Conservatory of Music and New York University, earning five music degrees.

The Band itself, after a modest beginning in 1942 as a saxophone quartet, in time grew to equal the great Army, Navy and Marine Corps bands.

In 1945, rapid demobilization had reduced the Air Force group to a total of five musicians. Howard himself planned to leave the service to direct music at Pennsylvania State University, but was persuaded to stay in uniform and assume the task of rebuilding the band. Within two years, from Air Force volunteers, he had developed a 100-member military band on a par with the wartime version.

The Air Force Band has interchangeable human parts that mesh into a baker's dozen of sub-groups. Ninety of the instrumentalists form a symphony orchestra. Eighty-five of these combine into the Symphonic Band. With 20 clarinets taking the place of violins, with bass viols and cellos to soften the metallic edges of the brasses, the



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Symphonic Band has drawn plaudits from popular as well as classical musicians during overseas tours.

In London, the famous English opera singer, Maggie Teyte, exclaimed, "I listened for a half-hour before I realized it did not have any violins!"

At its headquarters at Bolling Air Force Base just outside Washington, D. C., or on tour in this country and abroad, the Band practices—as no symphony could afford to do—five days a week, from four to six hours at a stretch.

Practice goes both by the Band as a unit and by separate sections, with an unheard-of variety in repertory preventing the musicians from becoming stale. After hours, likely as not, instrumentalists relax with more individual and combination practice.

The Band's 100 men break down, criss-cross, into chamber music ensembles, dance bands, trios, quartets, the Singing Sergeants chorus and all manner of informal get-togethers and jam sessions.

Every instrumentalist is at least a double-threat man, and most triple or quadruple. Typical is Master Sergeant Norman N. Irvine, Elkins, West Virginia, who plays 1st euphonium (highest-pitched of the tubas) in the Symphonic Band, 1st bass viol in the Symphony Orchestra and 1st trombone in the Marching Band. M. Sgt. Ivan D. Genuchi, Bennet, Nebraska, arranges much of the Band's music and has had several religious choral works published, in addition to being a cornetist in the Symphonic Band and taking 1st tenor with the Singing Sergeants.

None of the double-dozen Singing Sergeants had a trained voice before Lt. Robert L. Landers, formerly with the San Carlo Opera Company, began training them. Their precision and tonal quality results from practice, more practice and still more practice, plus their basic musical knowledge as instrumentalists.

Col. Howard and his assistant conductor, Capt. John F. Yesulaitis (who as a 77th Division Army Bandsman landed on a Leyte beach-head before the combat troops, a snafu he says he will never forget) have no trouble with discipline.

"Every bandsman, aside from being a free-born or naturalized American, feels that he has a *creative* part in the Band," the Colonel explains. "We encourage each member to speak out, criticize and submit ideas on how a selection should be played. If it's good, we incorporate it in the arrangement. Practically every man has at some time or other been able to improve our performance in this way. Maybe it isn't done that way elsewhere, but this is America and that's the way we do it."

As one significant dividend of the policy, the bandsmen furnish their own instruments, valued at more than $500,000. Use of these fine instruments, rather than government issue, helps account for the high quality of the performances.

The Air Force Band's postwar

"SIZE UP YOUR BOSS"
A simple method of rating and judging employers—so you can know how to win promotion and more pay. In October Coronet.

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tours—in 1950, '51 and '53—had a threefold objective: improving morale at Air Force bases overseas; bettering relations between U. S. servicemen and local people; generally creating goodwill toward and understanding of the U.S.

Air Force and State Department officials declare that the Band has more than fulfilled its missions.

At Bordeaux, which has the reputation of being one of the Reddest spots in France, during intermission Air Force officers and enlisted men passed the hat through the crowd for contributions to the Committee for the Restoration of the Château of Versailles.

Until then, in Bordeaux, the committee had been able to collect only 75,000 francs. Air Force caps brought in 250,000 francs, a heartening response to the Band's music and its creation of fellowship.

Most concerts are free. When admission is charged, proceeds go to such organizations as the Dutch Air Force Benevolent Fund, the Danish Air Force Widows and Orphans Foundation, or some local hospital.

In wartime, Air Force bandsmen tended to angle apprehensive glances toward the skies. In Norwich, England, toward the close of World War II, the Band was playing a novelty, *The Three Little Messerschmitts*, when a flock of them swooped down with genuine sound effects.

A few days afterward in Bury St. Edmunds, M. Sgt. Gordon Pulis, now 1st trombonist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, launched into a cadenza from Arthur Pryor's *Love Thoughts*. As if on cue, the opposite side of the street got a combination of low-level bombing and strafing.

"The soloist finished his part," Howard reports, "before rushing for shelter. It was the fastest cadenza on record!"

Members of the Band well know that some of the Europeans turning out for the concerts confidently expect nothing but monkeyshines from the American cultural barbarians. Enlightenment comes swiftly. The Band opens with some well-known but musically taxing standard classic. In Germany or Austria it may be a Wagner or a Mozart selection, in France, something from Berlioz.

"You can feel the skepticism melt away from the audience," Howard says, "as people hear the music they love, played the way they love it."

Always local favorites, such as rousing marches or folksongs, are featured, along with American popular music and traditional songs. For example, in Munich, without announcement, the Band struck up the old drinking song, *In München steht ein Hofbräuhaus*.

For a moment the audience sat stunned. Then, locking arms and swaying with the music, they enthusiastically sang the verses.

"The audience recognizes that we in the Band enjoy their songs as much as they do," Howard explains. "We have touched and shared in their lives. The American servicemen in the crowds get caught up in this exchange of feeling. It is heartening to see the tight knots of American uniforms break up as we pack away our instruments—break and mingle with the crowd, moving off, talking animatedly."

At a reception given the band in Vienna, a city functionary drew

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Howard aside. "Confidentially," he asked, "aren't you men really Europeans? Hasn't the American Air Force hired and put you in uniform to impress us?"

Howard has another striking reason to remember Vienna. Since the cold war got under way, Russian officialdom has studiously ignored Allied functions in mutually occupied zones wherever possible. On the occasion of the Band's 1951 goodwill appearance in the Austrian capital, two uniformed Russians took seats in the front row at the Rathausplatz.

They were General Maslov, smiling, and an aide, not smiling. The general applauded all numbers. The aide stared at his polished boot toes.

When the Band played a Russian dance, General Maslov shouted, "Bravo! Bravo!" The aide inspected his fingernails.

At the end of the concert, the Russian general shook off his aide's restraining hand, strode up to Howard and, beaming, pumped his arm with great vigor.

Howard regrets that the Band never had another chance to play for General Maslov. He was recalled to Moscow where it was soon announced that he had died of a heart attack.

"Music to the average European," Howard notes, "is far more important than television, radio, movies and sports are to millions of Americans. It is central to their lives."

Back in 1950 the Band performed in the vast Olympic Stadium in Berlin. The stadium seats 120,000. Every tier and all the aisles were packed. Still other thousands stood around the rim of the immense bowl. The West Berlin *Polizeipraesidium* estimated that 100,000 had to be turned away and that at least 60,000 had slipped across from Communist East Berlin.

"For each number there was polite applause," Col. Howard remembers. "But at the end, no sound at all. I stood on the podium, not knowing what to think, the hush was so profound."

It was dusk, with night fast drawing on. Up in a far corner of the stadium a flame winked. Near it another glimmered. Several more appeared, multiplied into hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands.

Floodlights snapped off and through the amphitheater washed the soft, warm radiance of more than 120,000 matches held aloft by the audience in utter silence. It was the accolade Berliners reserve to dramatize their rare and entire approval.

"We were . . ." Howard will tell you, "Well, we were—awed."

Heads at Work

PUZZLING headline in an advertisement for a Pennsylvania department store: For You Alone! This Bridal Bed Set.

HEADLINE in an Alabama paper: Mothers Want Bigger Role in Childbirth. —NEAL O'HARA (McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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Check Your Personality!

You may be unaware of habits and mannerisms which mar the impression that you hope to make

by GRACE STUART NUTLEY

DID YOU EVER FEEL warm waves of interest and friendliness attracting you to someone—waves as invisible, mysterious and powerful as radio waves? The person with a magnetic, positive personality irresistibly draws you to him. A magnetic personality is independent of its owner's wealth, status in life, education or moral character. His winning personality inspires trust and excites interest.

The development of your resources, aliveness and awareness, interest and sympathy for others make for an attractive, dynamic personality. In learning to develop your personality, it will repay you to take stock of yourself. Ask yourself:

"What is it that I really want? What good points do I want to strengthen? What rough patches do I want to smooth out? What undesirable traits do I want to eliminate altogether?"

Working according to your own potentialities, you can develop your personality in any direction you choose. Start in with your looks. What do you look like? Take a good look, and try to see what others see—not the features and physical attributes, but what you have done with them!

If you were to meet Abraham Lincoln, reincarnated and in the flesh, knowing nothing about him, you would think, "What a remarkably homely man!" But after conversing with him for just a few minutes, your opinion would change to "What a remarkable man!"

Now go to your mirror. What impression does your posture convey? Does your chest cave in, your middle march out in front, your shoulders sag? Is your chin tired, resting on your chest? Or is it one of those impatient, aggressive chins that gets there half an hour before the rest of you? You want an easy but alive posture, and it may take a bit of practice to acquire it.

Place the weight of your body on the soles of your feet—teeter up and down a bit to be sure your weight is comfortably where it belongs. Stiffen your knees and tuck in your derrière. Throw your shoulders back and down—not up! Lift your

From *How to Carry On a Conversation*, by Grace Stuart Nutley. Copyright, 1953, by Sterling Publishing Company, Inc. Publishers, New York.

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chin up, but don't push it out. Now, take a deep breath and look at yourself. Better, isn't it? You are now in command of your anatomy, not commanded by various parts of it!

Your first appearance, your initial impression have an outstanding effect on your conversational success. When you first enter a room, you set the stage for your conversational future. It is important that you enter at ease and appear both relaxed and confident of yourself, aware of others and interested in your surroundings. An apologetic, sidling entrance or a droopy, apathetic one does you no good.

WHAT KIND of a face do you have? Forget shape and features for the moment. Does your face reflect enthusiastic living?—or blasé boredom? How do your facial muscles behave? Do they twist antagonistically when someone says something you don't like? In other words, do they register impolite disapproval which you yourself would never dream of uttering vocally?

On the other hand, you don't want a set, closed expression with no life or animation, or even a constant frozen smile. Let your face express your emotions, but make sure that it shows no more than you want it to show.

What about your eyes? Are they alive and glowing or dull and listless? Do you look at people easily, meeting their eyes without being embarrassed? Have you learned to smile with your eyes? Children love to look in the mirror and experiment with their face and particularly with their eyes. Try it and see what nice things you can do with your eyes—even if you wear glasses.

You have no idea how much your laugh may reveal. It tells whether you are poised or insecure, controlled or emotionally unstable, pleasant or grim. You don't want a giggle, titter, guffaw or cackle, but a well-modulated, well-controlled laugh that is a pleasure to hear. Whatever your natural laugh is, modify it as necessary but don't try to change it too much, or you won't feel comfortable with it.

In creating an effective personality through conversation, you must realize that talking is a muscular as well as a mental activity. Your whole body is involved, for you don't sit like a mummy wired for sound.

Gestures add a great deal to your conversation and the expression and projection of your personality. You needn't be afraid of gesturing as you talk, if you feel that it will add emphasis, clarity or sparkle to what you are saying. Shrugs, head-nodding, change of posture and hand gestures can all add a lot to what you are saying if you use them sparingly and intelligently.

Beware, however, of leaning too heavily on gestures *instead* of speech. The French are masters of the expressive shrug—the raised shoulder and the outstretched palms—but even they don't use it to conclude each sentence. If you know what you are going to say, you will not have to start a sentence and then leave it dangling with a fluttering of the hands.

Aimless gestures will detract, not add to your effectiveness. Try to discover if you have picked up any objectionable mannerisms.

Do you play with a ring as you

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talk? Wave your arms in semaphore fashion? Point your finger at people? Flutter your hands or clench your fists? Finger your hair, or feel if your beard is close enough?

Aimless hand activity draws attention from what you are saying. People will watch and wonder what your hands will busy themselves with next. If you suspect that you may have an overworked gesture but don't know what it is, ask a close friend to enlighten you. If you are conscious of what you are doing, control yourself!

For a scintillating personality, cultivate an attitude of *positive* thinking about yourself and about life. Concentrate on the good things within yourself and in your life and in the world in general. You can't ignore the troubles, but you don't want to go around looking for them.

What can you gain by playing up the dark spots in your life? Many people tend to boast about their faults rather than their good points. Perhaps they hope that others will refute their claims, or perhaps they think there is distinction in them. They boast of their defects—ill health, bad temper or moodiness—in the mistaken hope of making them sound like virtues, and thus relieve themselves of the trouble of getting rid of them.

Idealism can keep the dullest job from becoming sheer boredom. Some workmen were digging in an excavation one cold winter day. Rain water stood several inches deep, making the disagreeable job doubly unpleasant. A "sidewalk superintendent" called to one of the workmen, "What are you doing?"

"Digging a hole," was the surly answer. "Whadja think?"

The sidewalk superintendent walked on a few steps and called to another workman, "What are you doing there?"

This workman looked up, smiled, and in an enthusiastic tone replied, "I'm building a cathedral!"

You were not born with personality. As you go along, your personality is made by the habits you develop and the attitudes you cultivate. A pleasing personality is developed through learning to live effectively with others. Your goal is never fully achieved because life holds infinite possibilities.

We all have to make a certain number of compromises in life, but we must retain our basic ideals and work toward them cheerfully. The materialist sees only matter, that which is tangible and concrete, but the idealist is more concerned with thought, reason and spirit. You have your choice of going through life digging a hole or building a cathedral!

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EPITAPH WHICH MARKED the desert grave of John Coil, a laborer on the Arizona canal north of Phoenix:

Here lies John Coil,
A son of toil,
Who died on Arizona soil.
He was a man of considerable vim
But this here air was too hot for him.

HERE LIES BUTCH.
We planted him raw;
He was quick on the trigger
But slow on the draw.
He had sand in his craw
But was slow on the draw
They buried him in '72.

WHEN JOHN GAY DIED in 1732, he was buried in Westminster Abbey and these lines were inscribed on his monument:

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

A COMMON EPITAPH:

Death is a debt
By nature due;
I've paid my debt
And so must you.

ON THE MONUMENT of a rancher is carved an image of a horse with bowed head, an empty saddle and reins resting on the ground. Beneath are these lines:

When my soul haunts range and rest beyond the great divide—
Just plant me on some strip of West that's sunny, lone and wide.
Let cattle rub my headstone round and coyote wail their kin.
Let horses come and paw the mound
But do not fence me in.

THESE WORDS may have been selected by David Goodman Croly, died 1889, aged 59, for his monument in Evergreen Cemetery, Lakewood, New Jersey, and not by his widow:

He meant well,
Tried a little,
Failed much.

THE GRAVESTONE of H. Amenzo Dygert, died 1924, aged 78, in Rural Cemetery, Phoenix, New York, explains:

An American by birth
A German Dutchman by descent
A Republican in Politics
A Congregationalist in Religion
A Druggist by Profession
A Bachelor by fate.

HORSE THIEVES BEWARE

Here lie the bodies of Allen, Curry and Hall.
Like other thieves they have their rise, decline and fall.
On yon pine tree they hung till dead,

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ON STONE

And here they found a lonely bed.
Then be a little cautious how you
gobble horses up,
For every horse you pick up here
adds sorrow to your cup;
We're bound to stop this business,
or hang you to a man,
For we've hemp and hands enough
in town to swing the whole
damn clan.

IMMEDIATELY ADJACENT to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, is a bronze tablet to Calculator, a crippled dog mascot of the infantry students:

CALCULATOR
Born?
Died Aug. 29, 1923
He made better dogs of us all.

UNDER A LARGE OAK tree in Fort Tejon State Historical Monument, Lebec, California, is a marker that recalls the tragic death of a prospector in furs:

PETER LEBEC

Shot a bear under this tree and supposing it dead, went up to it. It caught and killed him. His companions buried him under this tree upon which they cut his epitaph, Peter Lebec was killed here Oct. 17, 1837. The bark with the epitaph was cut out and can be seen at library in Bakersfield.

BEFORE THE RECENT ADVANCES of medicine, many mothers lost their lives at childbirth. The epitaph to Florianna Forbes, died 1815, at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, illustrates this:

18 years a maiden
1 year a wife
1 day a mother
Then I lost my life.

WARREN GIBBS
died by arsenic poison
Mar. 23, 1860
AE. 36 yrs. 5 mos.
23 dys.
Think my friends when this you see
How my wife hath dealt by me
She in some oysters did prepare
Some poison for my lot and share
Then of the same I did partake
And nature yielded to its fate
Before she my wife became
Mary Felton was her name.
Erected by his Brother Wm. Gibbs.

INSCRIBED ON the stone to Jennie E. Wilson, died 1882, aged 29, in College Hill Cemetery, Lebanon, Illinois, are these words:

She was more to me
Than I expected.

RUTH S. KEBBE
wife of
Alvin J. Stanton
May 5, 1861
Apr. 5, 1904
The Lord don't make any mistakes.

—CHARLES L. WALLIS, *Stories On Stone* (Oxford University Press)

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Finders aren't always keepers and there are laws to prove it

"Found—But Not Lost"

by EUGENE PAWLEY

THE CONVERTIBLE halted at a filling station in suburban Boston. While the man was giving his order to the attendant, his woman companion entered the station's rest room. Finally the man began to blow the car's horn and the woman dashed out, putting on the finishing touches to her make-up.

An hour later, a decrepit car wheezed up to the same pumps and a frowsy-haired woman shuffled into the rest room. She came out again in a hurry, clenching her fingers.

"See!" she cried. "Found them in the lavatory!" She displayed two diamond rings.

The attendant remembered the couple in the convertible, but he had not noticed the license plates. He held out his hand for the rings.

"Sorry," he said. "Everything found here has to be turned in. Rules of the company."

The woman stepped back and was ready to fight for her rights. Her husband advised her not to give up the rings.

"She found 'em," he said to the attendant. "They're not the company's any more than they're hers. If the owner shows up, she'll hand 'em over. But 'til then, it's finders—keepers."

The parties finally agreed to ask legal advice, and what the lawyer said astonished them both. He said the rings had not been lost at all.

"Not lost?" the woman snorted. "Isn't a thing lost when its owner doesn't know where it is?"

"Sounds reasonable," the lawyer admitted, "but it doesn't hold true." Then he explained. "Technically, there is a difference between losing a thing and merely mislaying it, and a difference exists in the two cases as regards the rights and duties of one who picks up the article. The rings were not lost but mislaid in the lavatory. The filling station is entitled to keep them as against every one but their real owner."

The legal hair-splitting involved in this case concerns a sharp distinction arising from the way in which a thing happened to be in the place where it was found. This distinction seems to be definitely drawn, but to the lay mind, it is almost incomprehensible. If the article has been accidentally dropped by its owner (on a street or floor, for example) so that he does not at any time know where it is—it is lost; but if it has been intentionally placed by him where he can take it up again (on a store counter, say), and he forgets where he put it—the thing is not lost but merely mislaid.

Bringing this down to cases, it means that if you find a purse that

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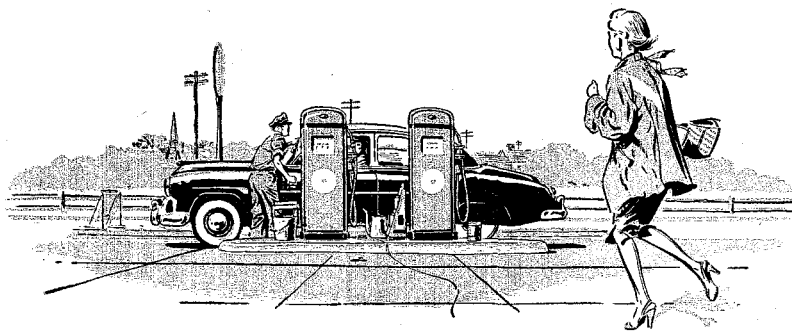

was lost, you have the right to keep it, assuming that the owner cannot be discovered; but if it has been mislaid by its owner, you have no claim and must surrender it to the occupant of the premises where you picked it up.

The ways in which losses and finds occur are limitless. A man goes into a bank to write a check and sees a wallet containing money on the customers' desk, apparently abandoned. A girl holding to a strap in a streetcar notices a $20 bill on the floor. A maid sees a diamond brooch on the floor of a hotel room. A man alighting from a cab accidentally scrapes out a roll of currency with his foot.

OCCURRENCES such as these are happening every day all over the country. A few authentic incidents will serve to typify the circumstances that will disappoint hopeful finders of lost property.

Mrs. Hodges was down on her knees, diligently wiping a battered traveling bag. A soldier of the last war had owned it originally, and it had found its way through various hands into those of Mrs. Hodges.

While Mrs. Hodges was scrubbing the bag, she discovered a slit which had been covered with adhesive tape. Ripping this off, she found $2,000 in bonds under the lining.

The story spread and it was not long before relatives of the dead soldier came to visit Mrs. Hodges, saying they had come for the bonds that their relative had left for them in his bag.

"I should say not!" Mrs. Hodges exclaimed. "I found them, and, you know, finders—keepers."

"Then we'll sue!" the relatives said, and they did.

The court transferred ownership of the bonds to them. The bonds had not been lost and found, the court ruled, because the soldier had carefully put them in the bag, expecting to take them out again. Upon his death, they had passed legally to his heirs.

Riding home on a Boston subway, Edward Junkins saw a parcel on a seat, left by a passenger. He snatched it up, but outside, a transit starter stopped him. "Where to with that package, buddy?"

Junkins replied: "I'm going to

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keep it and advertise for the owner."

The employee barred his way. "Hand it over. We'll advertise for the owner."

After continued refusal by Junkins, the starter escorted him to the police station and filed a formal charge of larceny. But when the package was opened, it contained a loaf of bread!

The company by then had got its corporate foot deep in the mire. It pressed the larceny charges against Junkins, trial by jury was duly invoked—and the accused was acquitted.

Junkins gleefully filed a damage suit for false arrest and malicious prosecution—and was dashed when the court dismissed him with the declaration that he had no right to take the parcel from the train. It had been mislaid by its owner, not lost, so the transit company was entitled to possession and to procure his arrest.

What, then, are *your* obligations and rights as a finder of property? Bearing in mind that local law on the subject may vary from place to place, these are the general rules you should follow:

First: Within the limits of discretion, to avoid claims of impostors, let your find be known. If you picked up the article in a public conveyance or business house, you should make known the fact at once to employees and comply with company rules with respect to lost-and-found property.

Second: To safeguard your right, ask for a proper receipt if you are required to surrender the article. If it is not claimed by its owner, it will generally be returned to you within a reasonable time.

Third: You must use intelligent means (if you have not surrendered the article to a company) to discover the article's owner. This generally means publicly advertising your find. You should also ascertain whether your State has requirements with which you must comply. Some States authorize the double penalty of fine and imprisonment for failure to follow specified regulations for locating the owner.

Fourth: You may live in one of those States where a reward, once it has been offered, must be paid to the finder of lost property. If so, you need not give up any article which you find—until the reward has been paid.

Fifth: If the article is something of value, you should consult an attorney on the rights and obligations applying to the find in your State.

Summery Summary

SUNBURN: Getting what you basked for. —*Parts Pups*

SUMMER: That period when a distant relative doesn't remain distant. —CAREY WILLIAMS

AUGUST: The month when the collapsible wading pool you bought in June finally does. —*Changing Times*

BATHING BEAUTY: A girl worth wading for. —MARCIA HAMMER

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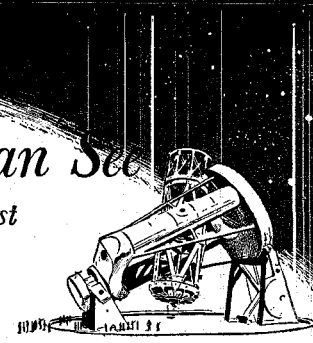
The Farthest You Can See

Man can look upward and view the past



by R. S. RICHARDSON

WHAT IS THE FARTHEST you can see—not through a 200-inch telescope but with the equipment nature gave you?

Try this question on your friends and someone will recall a mountain he saw 100 miles away. Then somebody else is sure to top that with: "Last night I saw the moon."

Since the moon is some 238,857 miles away, that immediately disposes of distances on the earth. But when it comes to peering into space, the moon is practically right under our noses. The sun is 93 million miles away and so bright we cannot bear to look directly at it. Even Saturn, the outermost planet known before the invention of the telescope, looks like a bright star at 900 million miles.

But why talk about distances within our little solar system when we can easily see stars that are at vastly greater distances than the planets. The nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is 25 trillion miles from the earth, and the third brightest star in the sky. If we are going to consider distances to the stars, we cannot go on using a trivial little unit of measurement such as the mile.

Trillions of miles have no meaning for us, so we have to adopt the light year as a unit which we can comprehend to a limited extent. This is the distance that a beam of light moving at the speed of 186,000 miles a second would cover in a year.

In terms of this unit, the distance to Alpha Centauri is 4.3 light years. That is, you see this star not as it is now but as it was 4.3 years ago.

The stars that we can see are only those that happen to be in the immediate vicinity of the sun. They are a mere handful among the myriads in the flattened disk of stars that form our Milky Way system or galaxy.

We might compare the Milky Way system to a huge sprawling metropolis and the stars that we can see to the people in our block. Can we see much beyond our nextdoor neighbors? Yes, we can see outside the Milky Way to the globular clusters. In our analogy these are villages scattered around the city.

The globular clusters consist of thousands of high-candle power stars packed so closely together that on photographs they appear to form a solid glowing mass at the center. The brightest cluster, Omega Centauri, resembles a dim disk of light about two-thirds the width of the moon. It is 27,000 light years away.

The globular star clusters outline the boundaries of the Milky Way. When we venture beyond the Milky Way, we encounter space that really is space. Here we find other galaxies, shining with a light equal to

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100 million suns. Can we see any of them across the immensity of intergalactic space?

Visible south of the Equator are two large luminous regions in the sky that look as if they might be portions of the Milky Way that had gotten lost. These are the Magellanic Clouds, discovered by the great Portuguese navigator. The Larger Cloud is 144,000 light years away and the Smaller Cloud a little farther off, at 164,000 light years. The Magellanic Clouds are the nearest galaxies to the earth.

Are there other galaxies visible even more distant than the Magellanic Clouds? Go outdoors about 9 o'clock some dark clear night in November, anywhere in the average latitude of the U.S. Wait until your eyes have become thoroughly adjusted to the darkness, then carefully scan the sky directly overhead. If there is no artificial illumination around, you soon should be able to catch glimpses of a faint, hazy patch of light.

That is the great nebula in the constellation of Andromeda, shining with the light of 5,000 million suns! It is a super-giant among nebula, as Rigel and Betelgeuse are super-giants among stars. At last we have come to the outer limit of our vision.

The Andromeda nebula is 1,500,000 light years away—the farthest thing you can see. It is the end of the universe as viewed without optical aid.

As you gaze at that faint patch of luminosity, remember that the light entering your eye started on its journey from Andromeda 1,500,000 years ago, perhaps before man even existed on this planet—certainly long before any creature appeared likely to lift up its eyes and wonder about the stars.

Today the Andromeda nebula is the Number One objective in our attack on the size and structure of the universe. There is no second choice. It is our stepping stone into deep space—the space 2,000,000,000 light years beyond—at the limit of the 200-inch telescope.

Free Enterprise

I WAS AMUSED recently to learn that one of my neighbor ladies was on strike—for better weather. When the family got up that morning, it seems, she took one look at the weather, heard the wind blowing, was cold and unhappy. What did she do? She went back to bed and stayed there until noon.

She was just disgusted with the weather. And since she couldn't do anything about it, she rested and relaxed and didn't worry about a thing. Callers found her ready to talk and laugh; she simply refused to get up and face a blustery, cold day when she could just as well take it easy.

I admire her spunk. For the next day was lovely and she felt fine and turned out more work than those of us who had bucked that day of wind and cold.

—ERMA FREESMAN in Manhattan, Kans., *Mercury-Chronicle*

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Picture Story

THE KISS

WHAT IS A KISS? It is a magic wrought by two, a secret language old as love and human loneliness. It is a sigh, a dream, a yearning, all surrender, captured in a sacrament of touching lips.

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ute, embrace, caress, it springs from the heart's abundance and heart's need. It is an ancient charm that lovers use to push the rld away, to make the universe as intimate as a private room.

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There are kisses—and kisses. For some a kiss is no subtle thing. Rather, it is innocence made eloquent, a reaching out that cannot find its way in speech, a pledge as right as artlessness and Spring.

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And for still others, in the hour of
heart when the heart is struck dumb v
voice, and the promise that all that n

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Sometimes a kiss is a private code, with mysteries beyond ordinary man's comprehension. Only those can understand who know, as parents know, the still, enchanted lands of tenderness. . . .

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urn of a child, the fierce, wild exultation
ate, that is gratitude unbearable and un-
ind the eyes, told only in a father's kiss.

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What is a kiss? It is a lover
grace of words, an ancient
to enchant the world, a si

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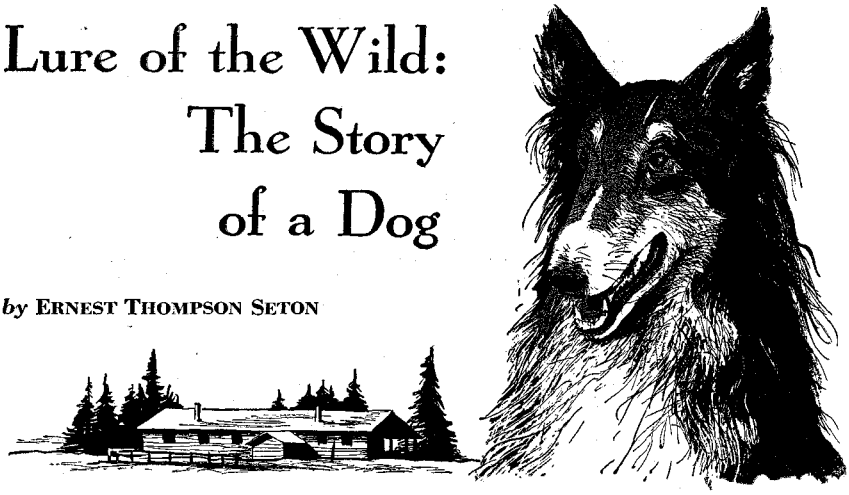
Wherever he lived or hunted, Bingo recognized but one master

Lure of the Wild: The Story of a Dog

by ERNEST THOMPSON SETON



IT WAS EARLY in November, and the Manitoba winter had just set in. I was gazing idly from the one windowpane of our shanty when I saw a large gray animal dash across the prairie into the cowshed, with a smaller black and white animal in hot pursuit.

"A wolf!" I cried, and seizing a rifle dashed out to help the dog. But before I could get there they had left the stable, and after a short run over the snow the wolf turned at bay. Frank, our neighbor's collie, circled about, watching his chance to snap.

I fired a couple of long shots, which only set them off again over the prairie. After a mile of this fighting and running I overtook them, and the dog, seeing that he now had good backing, closed in for the finish. After a few seconds, the whirl of struggling animals resolved itself into a wolf flat on his back, with a bleeding collie gripping his throat, and it was easy for me to end the fight by putting a bullet through the wolf's head.

Then, when this dog of marvelous courage saw that his foe was dead, he gave no second glance, but set out at a lope for a farm four miles across the snow where he had left his master when first the wolf was started.

Filled with admiration for the dog's prowess, I sought to buy him at any price. The scornful reply of his owner was, "Why don't you try to buy one of my children?"

Since the dog was not for sale, I had to content myself with the next best thing, one of his progeny. This offspring of an illustrious sire was a roly-poly ball of black fur that looked more like a long-tailed bear-cub than a puppy. But h[e] some tan markings like th[e] Frank's coat and also a c[har]istic ring of white on [his]

The rest of that [day]

From *Wild Animals I Have Known*, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Copyright, 1898, the author, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York

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Bingo spent in our shanty, living the life of a fat, well-meaning, ill-doing puppy—gorging himself with food and growing bigger and clumsier each day. When spring came I set about his serious education. After much pains on my behalf and many on his, he learned to go at the word in quest of our old yellow cow that pastured on the prairie.

Less energy on his part would have been more satisfactory, but we bore with him until he grew so fond of this semi-daily hunt that he began to bring in "old Dunne" without being told. And soon, not once or twice but a dozen times a day, this energetic cowherd would sally forth on his own responsibility and drive the cow home to the stable.

At last things came to such a pass that whenever he felt like taking a little exercise, or had a few minutes of spare time, or even happened to think of it, Bingo would speed over the plain and a few minutes later return, driving the unhappy yellow cow at full gallop before him.

At first this did not seem very bad, as it kept the cow from straying too far; but soon it was seen that it hindered her feeding. She became thin and gave less milk; it seemed to weigh on her mind too, as she was always watching nervously for that hateful dog, and in the mornings would hang around the stable as though afraid to venture off and subject herself to an onset.

This was going too far. All attempts to make Bingo more moderate in his pleasure were failures, so he was compelled to give it up altogether. After this, though he dared not bring her home, he continued to show his interest by lying at her stable door while she was being milked.

On only one other occasion did Bingo act as cowherd. This was in the autumn of the same year at the annual Carberry Fair. Among the many dazzling inducements to enter one's stock there was a cash prize of "two dollars," for the "best collie in training."

Misled by a false friend, I entered Bingo, and early on the day fixed, the cow was driven to the prairie just outside of the village. When the time came she was pointed out to Bingo and the word given —"Go fetch the cow." It was the intention, of course, that he should bring her to me at the judge's stand.

But the animals knew better. They hadn't rehearsed all summer for nothing. When Dunne saw Bingo's careering form she knew that her only hope for safety was to get into her stable, and Bingo was equally sure that his sole mission in life was to quicken her pace in that direction. So off they raced over the prairie, like a wolf after a deer, heading straight toward their home two miles away.

That was the last that judge or jury ever saw of dog or cow.

Once I had begun his education, Bingo began mine. It happened in this way:

Midway on the stretch of prairie that lay between our shanty and the nearest village was the corner-stake of the farm—a stout post in

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a low mound of earth, visible from afar. I noticed that Bingo never passed without minutely examining this mysterious post. By investigating the tracks around it, I learned that it was also visited by the prairie wolves as well as by all the dogs in the neighborhood.

The post was by common agreement a registry of the canine tribes. Their exquisite sense of smell enabled each to tell at once by the track and trace what other animal had recently been at the post. I had seen Bingo approach the post, sniff, examine the ground about, then growl, and with bristling mane and glowing eyes scratch contemptuously with his hind feet, finally walking off stiffly, glancing back from time to time.

Thus in the evenings, when I chanced to see him arouse from his frosty nest by the stable door and, after stretching himself and shaking the snow from his shaggy coat, disappear into the gloom at a steady trot, I used to think:

"Bingo, I know where you are off to. Now I know why your nightly trips over the country are so well-timed, and how you know just where to go for what you want, and when and how to seek it."

I WAS NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, and up to this time had had no faith in omens, but was once deeply impressed by a strange occurrence in which Bingo took a leading part. There were but two of us now living on the farm. One morning my brother set out for a load of hay. It was a long day's journey there and back, and he made an early start.

Strange to tell, Bingo for once in his life did not follow the team. My brother called to him, but still he stood at a safe distance and, eyeing the team askance, refused to stir. Suddenly he raised his nose in the air and gave vent to a long, melancholy howl. He watched the wagon out of sight, and even followed for a hundred yards or so, raising his voice from time to time in the most doleful howlings. All that day he stayed about the barn, the only time that he was willingly separated from the horses, and at intervals howled a veritable dirge. I was alone, and the dog's behavior inspired me with an awful foreboding of calamity, that weighed upon me more and more as the hours passed away.

About six o'clock Bingo's howlings became unbearable, so that I threw something at him, and ordered him away. But oh, the feeling of horror that filled me! Why did I let my brother go away alone? Should I ever see him alive? I might have known from the dog's actions that something dreadful was about to happen.

At length the hour for his return arrived, and there was John on his load. I took charge of the horses, vastly relieved, and with an air of assumed unconcern, asked, "All right?"

"Right," was his characteristically laconic answer.

Who now can say that there is anything in omens?

And yet, when long afterward, I gave an account of the incident to one skilled in the occult, he looked grave, and said, "Bingo always turned to you in a crisis?"

"Yes."

"Then do not smile. It was you that were in danger that day; he

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stayed and saved your life, though you never knew from what."

Two years later, our shanty was closed and Bingo changed his home to the stable of Gordon Wright, our closest neighbor. Soon his midnight wanderings extended across the plains for miles. Some remote farmers sent word to old Gordon that if he did not keep his dog home nights, they would use the shotgun.

Whenever the body of a winter-killed ox or horse was exposed, Bingo was sure to go to it nightly, and driving away the prairie wolves, feast to repletion. One man even avowed that he had seen a prairie wolf accompanied by three young ones which resembled the mother, except that they were very large and black, and had a ring of white around the muzzle.

When I returned to Manitoba, Bingo was still a member of Wright's household. I thought he would have forgotten me after two years' absence, but not so.

One winter day, after having been lost for 48 hours, he crawled home to Wright's with a wolf trap and a heavy log fast to one foot, and the foot was frozen to stony hardness. No one had been able to approach him, he was so savage. Then I, the stranger now, laid hold of the trap with one hand and his leg with the other.

Instantly he seized my wrist in his teeth. Without stirring I said, "Bingo, don't you know me?"

He had not broken the skin and at once released his hold and offered no further resistance, although he whined a good deal during the removal of the trap. He still acknowledged me his master in spite of his change of residence and my long absence. And notwithstanding my surrender of ownership, I still felt he was my dog.

Bingo was carried into the house against his will and there his frozen foot thawed out. During the rest of the winter he went lame and two of his toes dropped off. But before the return of warm weather, his health and strength were fully restored, and to a casual glance he bore no mark of his dreadful experience in the trap.

DURING THAT same winter I caught many wolves who did not have Bingo's good luck in escaping the traps. Kennedy's Plain was always a good trapping ground because it was unfrequented by man and yet lay between the heavy woods and the settlement. I had been fortunate with fur here, and on an afternoon late in April rode in on one of my regular rounds.

The wolf-traps are made of heavy steel and have two springs, each of 100 pounds power. They are set in fours around a buried bait, and after being strongly fastened to concealed logs are carefully covered with fine sand so as to be invisible.

A prairie wolf was caught in one of these. I killed him with a club and throwing him aside, proceeded to reset the trap as I had done hundreds of times before. All was quickly done. I threw the trap-wrench toward my pony, and seeing some fine sand nearby, I reached out for a handful to add a good finish to the setting. But that fine sand was on the next wolf-trap, and in an instant I was a prisoner.

Although not wounded, for the traps have no teeth and my thick trapping gloves deadened the snap,

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I was firmly caught above the knuckles. Not greatly alarmed, I tried to reach the wrench with my right foot. Stretching out at full length, face downward, I worked myself toward it, making my imprisoned arm as long as possible.

I could not see and reach at the same time, but counted on my toe telling me when I touched the little iron key to my fetters. My first effort was a failure; strain as I might at the chain, my toe struck no metal. I swung slowly around my anchor, but still failed. Then a painfully taken observation showed I was much too far to the west. I set about working around, tapping blindly with my toe to discover the wrench.

Thus wildly groping with my right foot I forgot about the other until there was a sharp "clank" and the iron jaws of trap No. 3 closed tight on my left foot.

THE TERRORS of the situation did not, at first, impress me, but I soon found that all my struggles were in vain. I could not get free from either trap nor could I move the traps together, and there I lay stretched out and firmly staked to the ground.

What would become of me now? Kennedy's Plain was never visited except by occasional wood-cutters. No one knew where I had gone, and unless I could free myself, there was no prospect but to be devoured by wolves, or else die of cold and starvation.

As I lay there the red sun went down over the spruce swamp west of the plain, and deadly chill possessed me. Then my thoughts went to the comfortable supper-table at Wright's shanty, and I thought, now they are frying the pork for supper.

My pony still stood as I left him with his bridle on the ground, patiently waiting to take me home. He did not understand the long delay, and when I called, he ceased nibbling the grass and looked at me in dumb, helpless inquiry. If he would only go home, the empty saddle might tell the tale and bring help. But his very faithfulness kept him waiting hour after hour while I was perishing of cold.

Then I remembered how old Girou the trapper had been lost, and the following spring his comrades found his skeleton held by the leg in a bear-trap. I wondered which part of my clothing would show my identity. Then a new thought came to me. This is how a wolf feels when he is trapped. What misery I have been responsible for! Now I'm to pay for it.

Night came slowly on. A prairie wolf howled, the pony pricked up his ears and walking nearer to me, stood with his head down. Then another prairie wolf howled and another, and I could make out that they were gathering in the neighborhood. There I lay prone and helpless, wondering if it would not be strictly just that they should come and tear me to pieces.

I heard them calling for a long time before I realized that dim,

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shadowy forms were sneaking near. The horse saw them first, and his terrified snort drove them back at first, but they came nearer next time and sat around me on the prairie.

Soon one bolder than the others crawled up and tugged at the body of his dead relative. I shouted and he retreated growling. The pony ran to a distance in terror. Presently the wolf returned, and after two or three of these retreats and returns, the body was dragged off and devoured by the rest in a few minutes.

After this they gathered nearer and sat on their haunches to look at me, and the boldest one smelled the rifle and scratched dirt on it. He retreated when I kicked at him with my free foot and shouted, but growling bolder as I grew weaker, he came and snarled right in my face. At this, several others snarled and came up closer, and I realized that I was to be devoured by the foe that I most despised.

THEN OUT OF the gloom, with a guttural roar, sprang a great black animal. The wolves scattered like chaff except the bold one, which was seized by the black newcomer and in a few moments became a draggled corpse. Then this mighty brute bounded at me and—Bingo rubbed his shaggy, panting sides against me and licked my cold face.

"Bingo—Bingo—fetch me that trap-wrench!"

Away he went and returned dragging the rifle, for he knew only that I wanted something.

"No—Bing—the trap-wrench."

This time it was my sash, but at last he brought the wrench and wagged his tail in joy when he saw it was right.

Reaching out with my free hand, after much difficulty I unscrewed the pillar-nut. The trap fell apart and my hand was released, and a minute later I was free. Bing brought the pony up, and after slowly walking to restore circulation I was able to mount.

Then slowly at first but soon at a gallop, with Bingo careering and barking ahead, we set out for home, there to learn that the day before, though never taken on the trapping rounds, the brave dog had acted strangely, whimpering and watching the timbertrail. At last when night came on, in spite of attempts to detain him, he had set out in the gloom and, guided by a knowledge that is beyond us, had reached the spot in time to drive off the wolves and set me free.

Stanch old Bing—he was a strange dog. Though his heart was with me, he passed me next day with scarcely a look, but responded with alacrity when Gordon called him to a gopher hunt. And it was so to the end; and to the end also he lived the wolfish life that he loved, and never failed to seek the winter-killed horses. One night he found a carcass with a poisoned bait, and wolfishly bolted that.

Then, feeling the pang, he set out, not for Wright's but to find me, and reached the door of my shanty where I found him dead in the snow with his head on the sill of the door—the door of his puppyhood's days. He was my dog to the last in his heart of hearts—it was my help he sought, and vainly sought, in the hour of his bitter extremity.

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THE THREE LIVES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

by **PIERRE BERTON**

A remarkably intimate portrait of the young Englishwoman who is, at one and the same time, wife, mother and monarch

From *The Royal Family*, by Pierre Berton. Published at $3.75 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copyright 1953 by Pierre Berton.

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A LANDMARK in Queen Elizabeth's reign was her recent six-months' tour of her far-flung realm. With Prince Philip, she traveled 50,000 miles by land, sea and air to carry out the longest journey ever made by a reigning monarch. As Queen, she had fulfilled her intention of seeing—and being seen by—the largest number of her subjects possible.

In doing so she rendered a conspicuous service to the Commonwealth whose titular head she is. Men and women of various races, creeds and colors joined together to welcome the Queen whom all of them acknowledged as their own. In a world of disintegrating ties and political upheavals, the young ruler's trip did more to cement the peoples of the Commonwealth than a dozen international conferences might have done. —*The Editors*

ELIZABETH II is a petite, serious-faced girl with a 25 waist and golden eyebrows, who can't stand oysters but likes champagne, doesn't smoke in public but keeps cigarettes on her desk, prefers canasta to bridge and horse-racing to boxing, likes her drapery cherry-red and her notepaper bottle-green, enjoys Jane Austen but thinks Dickens rather a bore, is madly in love with her husband, and knows how to shake hands at the rate of 12 a minute.

She is also the most widely publicized young woman of modern times. Her orbit is as carefully charted as that of the planet Jupiter, and she lives so much within a goldfish bowl that it is difficult to disassociate her private life from her public existence. Yet the two are, in many ways, quite dissimilar.

Much is known about her that is superficial: that she enjoys L'il Abner, keeps a faithful daily diary, likes to suck on barley sugar, doesn't like the sea. Much less is known about her that strikes deeper. Long after the ink has dried on the acres of newsprint devoted to her person, the question still remains: what is the girl in the palace really like?

What would she be like if she were subject instead of sovereign? A man who has observed her since childhood recently indulged in this game of make-believe. She would, he said, have been an English country girl, the kind usually described as "horsy." She would have ridden a lot, always astride, and most of the time she would wear tweedy things. She wouldn't come into the city a great deal and when she did, it would be to see a musical comedy or a vaudeville show or a movie.

She would be a lively girl, laughing a good deal, not too interested in style or the arts, surrounded by her own kind of unsophisticated upper-middle-class country folk. She would have a large family and be great fun at a party, where she would dance all the lively dances with bounce and enthusiasm. She would be matronly and she would be wholesome.

This is not the picture of Elizabeth Windsor the public sees. The serious, almost prim figure in the modish suits and frocks reading her careful speeches, the austere, military form in the sidesaddle at the Trooping ceremony, the dazzling, satin-gowned fairy queen at the ballet, do not seem to bear much relation to a bouncy country matron in tweeds. It is hard to remember sometimes that this is the same girl who likes to lead a Conga line

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through the palace, dance eightsome reels all night, and hum Cole Porter's *Night and Day* in her husband's ear; who loves to stalk deer through Scottish forests, angle for trout in mountain streams, or put five pounds on a horse's nose at Goodwood; who has learned how to tap dance well, enjoys cowboy movies, especially those starring Gary Cooper, and likes to lean over a piano on a winter evening singing with the gang.

It is almost as if there were two Elizabeths, one public and one private, and this curious double existence was quite apparent to those who traveled with her on the royal train across Canada in 1951. In the privacy of her quarters she was a lively, animated girl who rocked with laughter at small talk and cradled a cocktail glass between her hands. But the train would stop and the laughter would die; the talk would cease, the cocktail would vanish, the smile would fade, the shoulders would stiffen, and Elizabeth would move resolutely toward the rear platform, exactly, in one observer's words, "like a soldier coming to attention." Then, the anthem sung, the greeting accepted, the cheers acknowledged and the speech delivered, she would return to her private world, sink into a couch and double up with mirth at a remark or an incident that had tickled her.

"I have been trained since childhood never to show emotion in public," Elizabeth once remarked, and this is one key to her outward reserve. Infused in the hard metal of her character are those qualities of stoicism and constraint that the British prize so highly. They have always been with her.

As a child she was particularly enchanted one day by the quick action of a group of marching sailors, one of whose members fainted. The others simply closed in on either side and, without missing a beat, marched the insensible man along with them. At the age of ten she added to her reputation for being able to maintain a poker face when, during a church sermon, a bee settled on the minister's nose. Those around her stuffed handkerchiefs in their mouths to stifle their laughter. But Elizabeth's face retained its composure and only the flowers jiggling on her hat revealed her inner mirth.

Years later, she was inspecting an honor guard of service women when one girl collapsed almost at her feet. Elizabeth walked on without changing expression. Nor did her expression change or her voice betray her concern when, during the Empire Youth Festival in 1946, she read her speech to the accompaniment of dozens of children fainting in the hot, stuffy atmosphere of Albert Hall.

The cast of her face is of that mold which always appears serious

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and even a little sullen in repose. It is very like the cast of her late grandmother's granite features. The brows are heavy and the lips full, imparting to Elizabeth an especially somber look. When she smiles, she seems to be a different person, but she has not yet got the facility to smile before crowds which distinguished her mother as Queen, though the smiles now come easier than they did on her Canadian tour when she phoned her mother from Vancouver.

"Are you smiling enough, dear?" the elder Elizabeth asked. "Oh, Mother!" came the reply, "I seem to be smiling all the time!"

BUT IT IS NOT in her nature to smile all the time in public. When she does, the photograph flashes around the world. Indeed, she sometimes seems to be wearing a mask, and so, of necessity, she is. It is the family face—the iron mask of royalty that those who came before her have worn on public occasions. Beyond the gaze of the public eye, her grave look melts away. She laughs and cries easily. She rocks when she laughs, throwing her head back and swinging her clasped hands high above her head and down between her knees. She literally dances when she is excited or interested, balancing on her heels and executing two little steps to the left, then two to the right. If things don't go well, she can look daggers and tap her foot in fury.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT

In public, she sometimes gives the impression of a woman who understands the treachery of her own emotions and is therefore all the more determined to keep them in check. In Calgary and Toronto, where she was greeted by large numbers of children, those standing close to her noticed her throat muscles tighten, her fingers twist tightly in the straps of her handbag and her eyes cloud up.

Her iron control has often stood her in good stead. On her official visit to the Channel Islands after the war, she became so seasick she almost collapsed. As the ship docked, she was asked if she felt fit to go ashore and she could only nod her answer. Philip had to help her down the gangway. But she swallowed two aspirins, stepped into her carriage, and set off on the full tour without a change of expression.

The serious mien Elizabeth presents to the world is a direct reflection of her attitude toward her job. Not long ago, she commented tartly on the fact that after she succeeded to the throne, everybody went around saying that she looked 20 years older. But in her moments of seriousness, she has always looked older than her years. She is still, in every sense, the good little girl who used to jump out of bed every night to get her shoes exactly straight and her clothes arranged just so, who

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insisted on wearing her gas mask for a prescribed period every day during the war as the regulations required, and who warned her sister that it wasn't polite to rush for the tea table at a royal garden party.

Responsibility has always rested with its full weight upon her shoulders. On the battleship that took them to Africa, she and Margaret entertained a group of sailors. A few days later they had occasion to pass the same group again. Elizabeth looked straight ahead but Margaret could not resist a smile.

"Behave yourself," Elizabeth whispered sternly.

Whereupon Margaret made her now famous retort: "You look after your Empire and I'll look after my life!"

The contrast between the two sisters is not quite as great as it appears to be. Both are funloving young women who like jokes and parties and dances and weddings. But the gap widens in public. One has her Empire; the other her own life.

In a sense, Elizabeth has from her childhood days played the role of the little mother, alternately leading or pushing her younger sister down a prescribed pathway; speaking up for her entry into the Girl Guides at an earlier age than normal ("She is very strong you know. And she loves getting dirty, don't you, Margaret?"); worrying about her presence at official ceremonies ("I do hope Margaret won't disgrace us by falling asleep"); reproving her with a headshake when she started to smile at Zulus dancing a war dance in South Africa.

Before her reign is ended, she will undoubtedly be thought of as the mother of her country, a stern, straight figure rather like Queen Mary, speaking up for her people, reproving them when necessary, and always setting her own best example.

There is more than a trace of Albert of Saxe-Coburg in all this. The serious Prince with his methodical ways and his high resolve seems to be standing, ghost-like, over the little girl's shoulder as she carefully sorts out her pieces of barley sugar into neat piles, each arranged according to size. (Margaret is stuffing hers into her mouth in great sticky handfuls.)

Albert's shade pursues her. She is standing on the bridge of *HMCS Crusader* on the way from Vancouver to Victoria, talking to the commander. The talk gets around to British Columbia's official flower, the dogwood. How far do the roots go down? To everybody's astonishment, Elizabeth has the answer. She has looked it up.

For she is a woman who leaves little to chance. Her handbag, which she carries to banquets, is fitted with a special clip so it can be secured to the table and never drop to the floor. Her lady-in-waiting is equipped with extra shoes and stockings for use in case of a run or a loose heel.

One of the most famous pictures of Elizabeth shows her riding erect in the sidesaddle on the occasion of the Trooping of the Colors. This was as studied as her knowledge of the dogwood roots. She practiced for a month in order to do it properly, riding each morning in the royal mews and on weekends at Windsor to build up the thigh muscles which are needed to hold the horse. For though it would have

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been easier and certainly more pleasant to ride astride, it would not have been the right thing to do.

In her early days as Queen, she brought the same stubborn concentration to the state papers set before her. She insisted on reading all of them and asking questions about most of them. The questions were often more searching than her late father's and there were some ministers of the Crown who felt she was taking the whole thing just a little too seriously. But it is not in her nature to treat such matters sloppily or lightly.

IN THIS SENSE, it is intriguing to examine her relationship with her husband. In private, the strong-willed Philip is master. It is he who decides, on vacations at Sandringham or Balmoral, what the family will do. It is he who gives the orders to the servants and looks after domestic details. But on all public matters, Elizabeth takes charge, and sometimes, when occasion demands it, she overrules him.

During the Canadian tour in Victoria, she was told that an Indian Princess had come several hundred miles to see her but couldn't be fitted into the ceremonies. "The Indian Princess stuff is out!" snapped Philip. But Elizabeth told him quite firmly that she would see the woman.

When the couple's marriage portrait was being painted, the artist had trouble getting Philip to pose. He simply didn't see why he should. Finally Elizabeth put her foot down. "You just stand there!" she said to Philip. And he did.

She is just as stubbornly determined never to be a party to any diminution of the ancient dignity of the monarchy. During her first weeks as Queen, a veteran courtier, leaning against a mantelpiece, had engaged the new sovereign in conversation. Suddenly the Queen interrupted him. "Are you tired?" she asked. The courtier, puzzled, said he wasn't. "Are you perhaps ill then?" No, Ma'am, not ill.

"Then," said the Queen in a good-humored voice with only a suggestion of mettle, "don't you think you should stand erect when talking to the Sovereign?"

In 1952, Elizabeth grew furious at newspaper reports which hinted that she was pregnant. Several members of the Cabinet, including Churchill, were meeting at the palace one day and the Queen in a blazing voice discussed the matter and ended with the command: "I expect these rumors to stop!" It was after this incident that the Prime Minister was credited with the much quoted remark: "She may not be pregnant but she is certainly regnant." (Regnant or not, last July the press reported that she was again to become a mother.)

The Churchill comment was recalled when the Queen discovered that a silver trophy she was to present in Edinburgh had been inscribed simply "Queen Elizabeth" —a reminder that the Scots do not recognize her earlier namesake. Elizabeth had the trophy shipped back and ordered that the numeral "II" be appended.

Yet she is in no sense an arrogant or a domineering Queen. When waiting in the airport to leave for Malta, she was quite capable of purchasing a pack of cards and dealing out hands to her staff. She has the ability to think of others,

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even in moments of high emotion.

On the evening of her wedding, crowds gathered outside the palace hoping to see the royal couple, and the BBC sent a mobile unit down to cover the event. Elizabeth, listening to the 9 P.M. news broadcast, heard the BBC man cut in to say that everyone was hoping she would appear, but so far, she hadn't done so. She took Philip by the hand and went out on to the balcony.

The personality behind the mask is still that of the shy, nervous little girl who had to suck barley sugar to keep her spirits up on her first official inspection. For the first 15 years of her life, she led a confined existence behind the palace walls. She was not known to the public and she did not get to know them. As a result, until she married, she had only a hazy idea of the world beyond the palace and she still has not got the happy faculty for official small talk that her husband has.

Philip can walk into a room without introduction and breezily say "Hi!" then walk up to the nearest pretty girl and remark: "Golly, this is a much more attractive audience than the one I've just left."

Elizabeth cannot project her personality in this way. In the receiving line she often seems to be trying to think of something to say next, and she has a habit of looking away after a gap in the conversation and then turning back and starting in again when a new thought has occurred to her. Once, during one of these interludes, she said naively: "Well . . . I can't think of anything more to say about that," and drifted off.

Her speeches are written for her and she does not make many changes in them, for she is not a woman who initiates ideas. Once, she and Philip visited the London Palladium to watch Danny Kaye, then the idol of England. After the show Philip suggested they go back stage and congratulate Kaye. Elizabeth was quite startled at the suggestion, which she was happy to comply with. It simply had not occurred to her.

In her personal tastes she has shown a similar passivity. As a Princess she had no strong ideas about furnishing or decorating her room, as her sister had. Nor, until her marriage, was she in any sense clothes-conscious. A year or so ago she sat for her portrait, and the artist, who was to complete the work in her studio, borrowed some of Elizabeth's clothing to fit onto a dummy. This included a special petticoat with slits down the sides which the Queen wears for greater freedom when she has considerable walking to do on official occasions.

The artist had only got started on her job when a hurried call came from the palace: "The Queen is going out of town tonight and must have her petticoat back. It's the only one she has!"

Elizabeth has never had any desire to be a fashion leader and although her general attire has become much smarter than it used to be, some stylists still shudder at her

"THE STORY OF BILLY GRAHAM"

A close-up portrait of the young man whose preaching has stirred the hearts of millions here and abroad. In October Coronet.

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accessories. In 1952, Elizabeth attended a fashion show at Claridge's, looked at the new dresses and commented: "They frighten me!"

For she is not a woman whose nature is marked by the extremes of taste and inclination. She does not pluck her eyebrows or wear bright varnish on her nails. She would rather foxtrot than rumba. She can understand horses but she does not pretend to understand Picasso.

Exotic foods leave her unmoved: she would rather have roast lamb and green peas. Her disposition is generally pliable and undogmatic. She has few fanaticisms, always excepting the crowning fanaticism with which she approaches her job. In this she is resolute and unswerving. She knows that in the political climate of her time, monarchs who take their duties lightly have been notably unsuccessful.

The fat Farouk lost his throne through philandering. The solemn Baudouin weakened his by relaxing in the sun when floods racked his country. Even her own father was criticized when, by coincidence, he chose the bitterly cold winter of 1947 to visit sunny Africa.

Elizabeth has no intention of falling into such pitfalls. The road she must take runs straight as a red carpet without turnings. Before its end is reached, Elizabeth II may occupy the last throne in the world. But if her will be done, she will not be the last Queen of England.

IT IS 7 O'CLOCK of a dull, drizzling, terribly English morning and London is hardly yet awake. The Queen, however, is preparing to meet her day. She is sipping tea from a delicate porcelain cup brought to her by her red-headed and taciturn Scots maid, Margaret MacDonald, and she is listening to another MacDonald, from the Scots Guards, playing the pipes outside her window. By 8 o'clock she is ready for the morning ritual of the BBC news, for the mail which comes in on a tray, and for newspapers marked for her in advance.

But she reads more than the marked sections. Her own photograph smiles from most of the front pages this morning, for she has been to a fashion show and almost all the papers have devoted half of a page of rationed newsprint to it. There are further royal items. Another artist has been commissioned to paint the Queen's picture; the Queen's husband has taken another flying lesson; the Queen's mother has visited the Middle Temple. The Queen's name or picture is on every page.

By now the Queen is ready for her own coffee and kippers and porridge salted in the Scottish manner. She takes her mail into the dining-room where she meets her husband. She gets about 70 letters a day (plus some 60 packages) and she cannot read them all, but she opens those which are marked in such a way that she knows them to be personal.

The clock on the white marble Regency mantelpiece has already chimed 9 and it is time for the children to greet their parents. They come in, led by their nurse, Helen Lightbody, a Scotswoman of even temperament and 24 years' experience, who believes strongly in routine for babies. Charles bows to his mother, and runs to his father.

The Queen picks up her daughter Anne, a sunny, fairhaired child

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with a certain explosiveness of temperament. For the next hour the two parents play with their children. Then the day begins.

The Queen takes leave of her family (her husband has his own day ahead) and her high heels click briefly across the parquet floors to be muffled quickly in the emerald-green rug of the sitting room she uses as an office. Here, at a massive, cluttered Chippendale desk, she begins her work. From around the walls the 11 members of the family of George III, painted on copper, stare down at her, a slight girl in a business suit who is their lineal descendant.

There now enters a tall, stooped, slightly Edwardian figure in the narrow trousers of an earlier day. This is Sir Alan Lascelles, the Queen's private-secretary, who has served the Crown for 32 of his 65 years and whom the President of France once called "the most discreet man in Europe." For ten years no major palace decision has been made without consulting this eagle-faced courtier with the piercing brown eyes and the steel-rimmed glasses. In his quiet, deferential way he is talking to his Queen, and she settles back in her armchair and smiles and calls him by his nickname: "Tommy."

With Lascelles, the Queen goes over her diary of future engagements, signs a sheaf of documents, and discusses the day's news, the Cabinet minutes, and the latest foreign-office dispatches. Lascelles leaves and an assistant private secretary enters.

This morning it is Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. Martin Charteris, a deceptively casual courtier whose

makeup and background are so typically British upper-class that he seems like something out of a Bulldog Drummond novel. He has some photographs for the Queen to sign. Each regiment, air force station and naval vessel is entitled to one. The Queen, who signs her name 50 times a day, signs it again. This done, she goes over some forthcoming engagements with Charteris, who briefs her on the background of people she is to meet.

Charteris takes his leave, not backing toward the door as his predecessors did in Victoria's day, but simply saying: "Thank you, Ma'am," and walking out. A few minutes later Sir Piers Legh, the Master of the Household, makes his entrance. He looks the part of an Old Etonian and a retired guards' officer: bald, spruce, red-faced, toothy and correct. The Queen, like almost everybody else, calls him "Joey."

Now this old army man is marshal of a domestic army of valets, housemaids, footmen, porters and pages. He is major-domo of the largest home in the realm and he is here to discuss its problems with its

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mistress. (An old servant has reached retiring age, the cellar needs stocking, a footman has given notice.)

Domestic details dealt with, the Queen turns to more personal matters. She chats on the phone with her sister, then calls in one of her acting women of the bedchamber, Lady Alice Egerton. Lady Alice fulfills one of the requisites of a lady in attendance on the Queen: she blends quietly with the tapestries and the woodwork. At 29, she is neither quite pretty nor quite plain. She wears quiet suits in quiet colors with a quiet string of pearls, and her hair is perfectly but quietly coiffured.

The two transact their business: appointments with dressmakers and portraitists, thank-you notes, invitations and letters ("Her Majesty, The Queen commands me . . .") to be written.

Faintly now through the French windows come the familiar notes of the royal salute, blown on a bugle by the trumpeter of the Queen's Life Guards at the head of 22 mounted troopers down Constitution Hill toward Whitehall, where they will mount the Long Guard as they have done daily for 300 years. On the top floor, little Prince Charles presses his face against the nursery window and watches the troopers ride by in their scarlet tunics and white breeches.

The Queen is pausing for coffee, white, without sugar. She would like a chocolate biscuit, of which she is very fond, but she is dieting. All about her the great unseen hive of the palace is buzzing.

Sir John Wilson, a cheerful and burly Scot, is for the millionth time hinging new stamps in one of the volumes of the royal philatelic collection. Sir Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, the Crown equerry, is attending to the refurbishing of a gold coach. Elsewhere, in offices that look more like drawing rooms, secretaries are dictating to their secretaries and servants are serving other servants. The Yeoman of the Silver Pantry and his assistants are busy polishing five tons of gold plate. The Vermin-man is looking for rats. The clock-man is winding the palace's 300 clocks. Twelve men are cleaning windows. The table-decker is filling all the flower vases, and in the Royal Mews two men are polishing all the brass on all the harness which is so seldom used but is always on view in its glass cases. And when the clocks are all wound, the plate all polished, the vases all filled, the windows all washed and the harness all shined, they will all need winding, polishing, filling, washing and shining again.

Into the Mews now clip-clops a

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little single-horse brougham, bearing dispatch boxes from Whitehall. Now the Queen's day has reached the point of its greatest meaning, for in these boxes of black, red and maroon leather, embossed with the royal arms, are locked the very vitals of the monarchy. Within their steel and leather casing lie the bones of history: minutes of Cabinet meetings, reports from governors-general, ministerial letters, ambassadorial notes, secret documents and public memoranda, programs of future events and accounts of past ones, suggestions, ideas, appeals and protests flowing into the palace in an unending stream from the Empire, the Commonwealth, and the world.

The Queen takes a solid gold key from a chain and unlocks a box. She reads and signs each document, blotting her signature on the black paper which is provided and which is destroyed daily to prevent secrets escaping. This done, she turns the route slip over, fits it back, and snaps the box shut. On the other side is written: "From H. M. The Queen." Soon the little brougham is jogging off again and the business of the realm moves on.

NOW IT IS TIME for her audiences, a morning ritual which is almost as rigid as the boxes. For these she walks through a little anteroom and into the Forty-Four room, named because of its occupancy in 1844 by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Over the red carpeted threshold and into this exquisite little showpiece of a room the tides of Empire wash daily. Sooner or later every important official of the Crown will come to this or to a similar room to meet his Queen.

Today there will be four audiences of about 15 minutes each, granted to a cross-section of the realm. Each visitor arrives at the Privy-Purse door at his appointed moment, and is conducted by a page down the long hallways into the presence of his Queen.

One typical visitor is a former London policeman, round and florid in his morning coat, being dubbed a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Queen taps him lightly on the shoulder with the flat of a ceremonial sword, then swings it flashing in a wide arc above his head and taps him again on the other shoulder, and the accolade is conferred.

When the audiences are over, it is 12:45 and the palace is at lunch. Down in the servants' hall the platoons of housemaids are chattering like busy sparrows as they break their bread, and in the stewards' room, one step higher, the pages, footmen, yeomen and valets are eating. Above stairs, the lady clerks, the Queen's police officer, the chief accountant and their like are taking their meal in the official mess, and in the household dining-room, which is again higher up the ladder, the assistant secretaries, equerries and aides are lunching in carefully graded equality.

And in the Carnarvon room, where George VI and Churchill used to serve each other with cold buffet (for their talk was so secret that no servant must hear it), the Queen is sitting down to a simple three-course meal of fruit, meat and ice cream, in the silent painted company of Philip II of Spain, Rudolph

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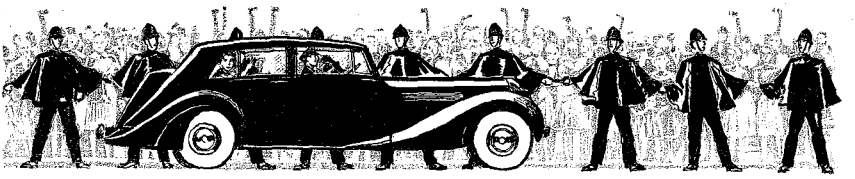

II of Austria, Louis XIII of France, and Cardinal Richelieu.

After the meal, she can rest briefly, then spend some time in the nursery. An ornate wrought-iron bird cage of an elevator takes her to the top floor, then down another red-carpeted hall she goes, past the endless varieties of palace bric-a-brac which fill every cranny. The Queen enters the green-walled nursery playroom, whose chintz-curtained windows overlook the Mall. On a chair by the window a teddy-bear sprawls—Charles' constant bedfellow.

Charles himself is a small package of quicksilver, darting about the room and hiding in closets, pursued by his small Corgi, Sugar. For tomorrow is his birthday and he can hardly contain his excitement. The Queen discusses the party preparations with him and with his two nurses. There are to be 14 guests, a cake shaped like a galleon, and the usual games. Anne is being taught to say "Happy Birthday, Charles," when they awake the following morning.

The play ends; the work begins again. The Queen changes into an afternoon frock. Now with Lady Alice, she walks to the garden entrance that royalty always uses. There is a servant on duty here, dwarfed by the great suits of Indian armor, the elephant tusks hanging on the dark green walls, and the great perfume-burners guarding the doorway. He is wearing the palace uniform of smooth royal-blue battledress with gold monogram and buttons, designed by George VI to save palace laundry bills.

The red-and-maroon Daimler limousine is waiting, and the detective-inspector who guards the Queen leaps out and opens the car door for her. The Daimler moves away with the lady-in-waiting on the jump-seat, and the Queen, a single, lone figure in back. It moves across the red gravel forecourt and out through the wrought-iron gates and the crowd that always seems to be here sends up a cheer. The Queen acknowledges it with a smile and a slight upright motion of her gloved hand.

The car moves like a shiny, flat beetle down the broad avenue of the Mall toward the Temple, seat of British justice. Since the night of January 7, 1941, the Inner Temple has lain a mass of rubble. Now it is to be rebuilt, and the stiff little ceremony that follows is as necessary to that rebuilding as are the bricks and mortar.

After the ceremony, she returns to the great gray palace and picks up once more the loose threads of her day. There is some private correspondence to attend to and the next day's menus to choose. For another hour she reverts to her role as mother and plays with her children.

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Then it is time to dress for dinner.

Two thousand electric lights have been switched on and an army of 50 housemaids has suddenly appeared to draw all the curtains. The Queen bathes and selects a semi-formal gown from two laid out by Miss MacDonald, who hovers in attendance over her.

This discreet Scotswoman is as close to the Queen as any subject can be, so close indeed that she sometimes talks of herself and the Queen as if they were a single person. "We got engaged," she told a friend when the Queen's betrothal was announced.

The Duke of Edinburgh comes into the sitting-room in his dinner jacket and together they listen to the 6 P.M. BBC news. Then the two go up to the nursery to watch Charles and Anne put to bed. There are no night-lights in their room, but there are microphones above their beds so that if they cry, the sound will be communicated to their nurses.

The Queen reads the children a story and helps with prayers, then she and her husband return to their quarters for a pre-dinner drink, sherry for Elizabeth, pink gin for Philip.

Sharp at 8:30, the two sit down by candlelight at a polished mahogany table to a dinner of Consommé Brunoise, Suprême de Turbot Bonne Femme, Perdreau en Casserole, Salade, Crème au Caramel and Sablés au Fromage. After dinner Philip orders some nuts, which he cracks between his teeth, as he once did in the Navy. The inevitable dispatch boxes are waiting again and there are more documents to sign and magazines to digest. Only in the last hour of her day can the Queen relax. There is a canasta game with her husband, mother and sister.

The Duke sips a scotch and soda, the Queen a liqueur. Both of them are looking forward to the weekend, which is one day distant, when they can flee the city for Royal Lodge, where there are no servants in livery, where the furniture is chewed by pet dogs, and where, except for the inevitable boxes, one's time is one's own.

As the canasta game draws to its end, the palace and the city begin to run down slowly like an unwound clock. The theaters in Leicester Square disgorge their crowds and the crowds disperse. The restaurants close their doors and the buses slow their schedules. At the end of the Mall, the lights wink out slowly one by one. The crowd in front of the railings has finally gone. Now the only movement is the sentry mechanically walking his beat and the three lions rippling in the cold night breeze above the dark bulk of the Queen's home.

The long day is done and the Queen and her household are asleep.

SINCE ALL human institutions are mortal, the time will come when anthropologists of some future era will be able to gaze upon the British Crown with a detachment not entirely possible in our own day. When they come to study this impossible, obviously unworkable, more than slightly magical phenomenon, they are likely to come up with some queer observations.

They will have to note, for example: That in mid-twentieth-cen-

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tury Britain, a 26-year-old girl, chosen only by the roulette wheel of birth, was given powers so great that she could, on paper, commit murder without punishment or disband the armies of her country without other authority;

That she never actually invoked any of these powers, except occasionally to accept as her right a white rose from the Duke of Atholl or a snowball from the Munros of Foulis;

That on certain occasions, she and those around her dressed up in the costumes of their ancestors to take part in rites that had been ancient before those same ancestors were born;

That in the age of the motor car, she was to be seen driving about in a horse-drawn coach that had been built 200 years before;

That on one occasion in her lifetime, two million of her countrymen paid out the better part of a week's wages simply to watch her drive past them, wearing a four-pound jeweled headpiece and holding a jeweled stick in one hand and a jeweled ball in the other;

That although she was subjected to a veneration only slightly less awe-inspiring than that accorded to the Deity, though she was occasionally credited with certain magical powers such as healing the sick or changing the weather, though a special language had to be used when addressing her, she herself was a virtual prisoner in her country, forced to labor at her task until the very moment of her death;

That her life was planned for her, almost to the very minute, weeks and months in advance, and her person surrounded by a thicket of taboos that governed her days as surely as the sun shone down on her planet.

A woman, she could not dress like other women. She could never be seen in a bathing suit, and when her younger sister was once caught in one, she was submitted to a national persecution. She could not wear the lowheeled shoes which every other working girl in the realm was allowed for comfort. She could not appear in any sort of headdress that covered either the eyes or any portion of her features. In an age when every other woman wore trousers, she could not be seen in slacks or shorts.

She could never have a hair out of place. As a little girl, she would grow pale with half-suffocation inside the royal limousines because the windows could not be opened for fear a breeze might disturb her coiffure. Once, on *HMCS Ontario*, traveling between Halifax and St. John's, a photographer came upon her on deck, munching a date square, a bandanna loosely wrapped around her head. She swiftly whipped off the headdress and removed the confection. For she must never be photographed eating.

All her life she was treated as a porcelain figure. Once, when she toured Canada, she would have liked to have visited New York City, the mecca of her age, to see a musical comedy and take in a nightclub; but she could not do so. As a child, her greatest thrill was a subway ride followed by coffee out of thick cups in a canteen. But when a crowd gathered, she was whisked away, never to drink out of thick cups or ride the subway again.

Her official life was walled away

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in a musty palace where the light switches were two feet outside the doors, and in a 600-year-old castle with eight-foot-thick walls and no central heating. And she herself, her life, and even her expression, were cast in the inflexible mold of her ancestors.

If her grandfather kept a stamp collection, then she must keep one, too. If her great-grandfather had purchased a Daimler, then she must ride in a Daimler, and there was a hue and cry when her husband ordered a Rolls-Royce. ("I'd like a car of my own," she once told a friend, "but there's so damn much family talk about which make I must have that I don't think I'll ever get one.")

Nor must her features exhibit any of the range of human emotions except to register cheerful amusement. When she greeted her young son after a two-month absence, she could not bend and kiss him or pick him up and cuddle him.

"We are not supposed to be human," her mother had said on her Coronation Day. She had been riding for two hours in a golden coach which swayed so badly she was near seasickness and her brow was aching and bowed with the weight of her jewel-encrusted crown. "I'm so tired I can hardly hold my head up," she said.

Now, having said all this, our future anthropologists will have to make a further observation. They will have to note that this curious, unwieldy, time-encrusted, creaky royal machine somehow seemed to work; that it served to remind an island people of their continuing traditions and institutions; that by a strange imitative process it promoted business and stimulated trade; that through a mystical bond nobody could explain, it maintained under a common symbol a loose collection of totally disparate peoples, black, brown, yellow, and white; Moslem, Christian, Buddhist and Jew, Zulu, witchdoctor, prince and Hottentot.

They will have to note that all these peoples, on given occasions, and sometimes several times a day, in churches, music halls, fraternity houses and tents, were in the habit of jumping to their feet, standing stiffly rigid, fixing their eyes on a distant point, and chanting a prayer for the shy little woman chosen as their fetish. For the taboos erected around her applied also, in varying degrees, to objects, human or inanimate, that were connected with her: to a piece of bunting called a "flag," to officers in the army who held her commission and relatives who bore her name, and to this anthem that asked God to save her.

These things will all be noted, together with the fact that as long as all these different peoples kept singing together, they seemed to get along better, for the most part, than those who didn't.

Every year of her life the new Queen

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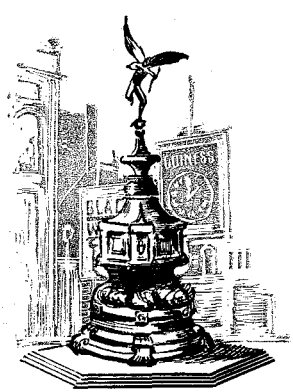
must shake hands with upwards of 5,000 people and receive the bows or curtsies of 20,000 more. She will spend 1,000 hours granting interviews and receive up to 500 bouquets a year. If she visited every one of the 280,000 establishments anxious to receive the royal benediction, she would have no time for anything else for the next 50 years.

If a new war comes, one of her duties will be to award decorations personally. Her grandfather pinned 50,000 ribbons on 50,000 breasts. The time can easily come when her hand is so limp from shaking other hands that she will have to wear it in a sling, or when her voice becomes so husky from speechmaking that she will be unable to talk above a whisper.

Like a goddess, a queen can be nothing less than perfect. Her actions and her appearance must be supra-human, and this is why she cannot be shown munching an apple or lying on a beach or riding in the subway. But, more important, her inner being must be godlike: she herself must be pure in heart and in mind, she must conform to the accepted standards and customs of her day, and she must follow faithfully in the footsteps of her ancestors as the ancient Irish kings had to do. For if she does not—if she neglects her business, or walks about the streets like a mortal, or seeks to marry a divorcé—the crops of Empire will fail and the fruits of Commonwealth will dry up and shrivel on their vine.



To assist her in this patently impossible duty, she has the backing of press, parliament and public. Her person is sacrosanct. Her adviser may be upbraided: she never. The "palace" can be attacked but not the sovereign.

From the British press there pours a daily Niagara of trivia about the sovereign. All of it is innocuous, all of it adulatory. Indeed, it is doubtful if a newspaper or member of parliament could long survive the wave of public disapproval that would result from any criticism of the person of the crown.

This cushioning of the sovereign from personal publicity has certain weaknesses. It has produced some of the most fantastic rumors about various members of the family in the palace. As a child, Princess Margaret was popularly supposed to be deaf and dumb, though she was obviously neither. Recently, Prince Charles has been rumored to have a club foot, though he can be seen with his nurse occasionally in St. James Park walking about quite normally. The very secrecy surrounding the monarchy makes for dark whispers about it.

The veil of secrecy is by no means accidental. It is studied. Palace servants are screened as carefully as members of the U. S. State Department. No one who has business at the palace enters without being warned of the penalties for speaking about the sovereign in public. Servants who do so are dismissed, their pen-

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sions canceled, and a notice detailing their crime posted in all servants' quarters in all the royal homes. Tradesmen who are indiscreet lose their custom. Thomas Lawrence Jerram, the late King's valet, was asked to write his memoirs. Though he lives on only a small pension, he replied that he would not do so for fifty thousand pounds.

Newspapers that break the taboo, in the mildest way, find their reporters no longer get entrée to royal affairs. When a press conference was held to launch an expensive limited edition of a book about the royal philatelic collection, all papers got invitations except the weekly *Observer*, dean of the Sunday press. And a man from the palace was posted at the press conference to make sure that no one from the *Observer*, under some other guise, got into the affair. No one knew exactly what the paper had done to incur this treatment, but no one wanted to find himself in a similar position.

But gods and goddesses have their practical uses and there is little doubt that the British monarchy is worth every sixpence spent on it.

First, there is the necessary business of trade. The sovereign is imitated by her realm. When Edward VII left a button of his waistcoat undone, buttons popped around the Empire. When the Prince of Wales appeared in a sailor suit, the streets were white with little boys similarly attired. When Elizabeth, as Princess, carried out her first inspection of the Grenadier Guards, she wore a flat, brimless hat of green felt, peaked in the front on the lines of a military "Broderick." The result was not particularly becoming, but within a few hours Mayfair milliners were flooded with demands for copies.

This very real power, which the Queen wields, is useful when a nation's business is sagging. Queen Mary's pastel lace dresses promoted the Nottingham lace trade. Queen Elizabeth's purchases at the British Industries Fair have had like results.

Then there is the practical business of social leadership. Some modern states without kings have found it necessary to invent a substitute. France needs a president as well as a premier. And New York City found that the mayor's practical duties were becoming so heavy that it needed another man to handle his social tasks: hence Grover Whalen with his white carnation and perpetual smile.

The President of the United States, burdened by his considerable duties, must still find time to greet and entertain the representatives of foreign powers. Much of this burden is lifted from the British Prime Minister's shoulders by his sovereign.

There is, again, the mystical business of tradition. The silver trowels in their morocco cases, the golden keys to nonexistent doorways, the silver spades for turning initial sods, the vellum scrolls with their careful illuminations—all these have their place. The presence of the Sovereign, moving down the endless lines of troops, attending ancient churches, and taking her part in each of the hoary ceremonies that are her lot, year after year, reminds the English people of their common past and inspires their faith in a common future. In war and disaster, the Sovereign's pres-

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ence on the scene offers a comfort at once practical and mystical.

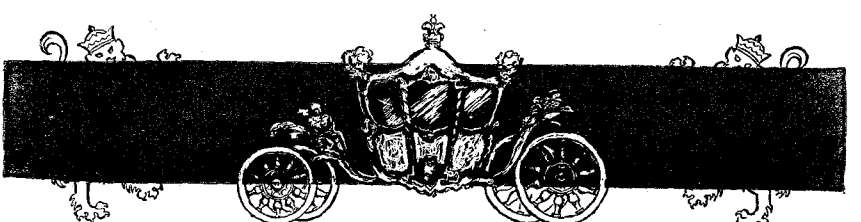
Finally, there is the magical business of the Commonwealth. In the great public pageants it inspires, the British monarchy provides for a common wave of emotion to sweep through the United Kingdom and the scattered lands across the seas, and it is this group sentiment, felt by all, that binds the British world together. Indeed, it is all that is left to do the binding. The marriage of a princess, the funeral of a king, the birth of an heir—these, with the tours of the realm, are the real *raison d'être* of the monarchy.

No other country has a coronation. Britain has had fewer than forty. The fanfare attendant upon the festival is such that when Edward VII's was postponed, the great hotelier César Ritz suffered a collapse from which he never fully recovered. For a coronation occupies the energies and the minds of the Empire to the point where all else seems to stand still. The coronation of Elizabeth II caused the circulation of 300 million dollars in Britain, but more important perhaps was the mystic way in which it took its hold upon her subjects.

To justify it, she must be a good queen, for no other form of sovereign has satisfied the British since Victoria came to the throne. In this connection, it may be germane to quote the following passage:

> The idea that . . . kingdoms are despotisms in which the people exist only for the sovereign is wholly inapplicable . . . On the contrary, the sovereign in them exists only as he discharges the duties of his position by ordering the course of nature for his people's benefit. So soon as he fails to do so, the care, the devotion, the religious homage which they have lavished on him cease and are changed into hatred and contempt; he is dismissed . . . Worshipped as a god one day, he is . . . a criminal the next. But in this changed behaviour of the people there is nothing capricious or inconsistent. On the contrary, their conduct is entirely of a piece. If their king is their god, he is or should also be their preserver; and if he will not preserve them, he must make room for another who will. So long, however, as he answers their expectations, there is no limit to the care which they take of him . . .

These words were not written to describe the British monarchy in the days of Edward VIII, George VI or Elizabeth II. They were written by Sir James Frazer, the anthropologist, discussing the primitive kingdoms of old. But they may, with very little revision, be used again when some future anthropologist casts a searching light upon the British monarchy of our times.



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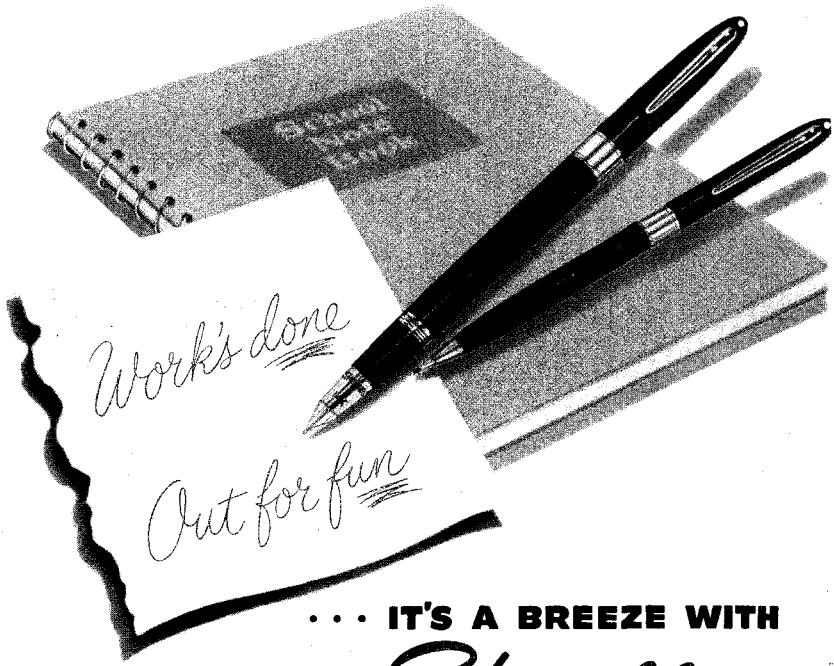

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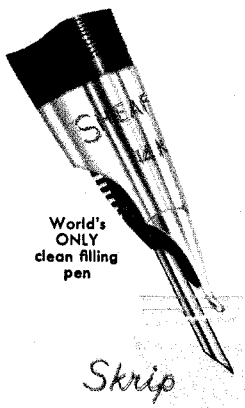

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